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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 439
EDITORIALS:
Old as the Hills 442
This Prohibition 443
Crazy Economics 443
A Simple Case 444
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN. By Heywood Broun..... 445
WHO OWNS THE DAILY PRESS? By John Loomis..... 446
GLOUCESTER HONORS ITS SAILORS. By Zelda F. Popkin.... 448
METEOROLOGIST IN HIS YOUTH. By Louise Townsend Nicholl 449
TEAPOT AND OTHER TEMPESTS. By Paul Y. Anderson..... 450
DESERT SPRING. By Ada Hastings Hedges..... 451
BISHOP CANNON WINS AN AWARD. By Virginius Dabney.. 451
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter..... 452
CORRESPONDENCE 453
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
French Imperialism and the Church..... 455
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE..... 456
SOME NOTABLE SPRING BOOKS..... 458

SPRING BOOK SECTION

POEMS. By Mark Van Doren..... 467
"BOOKS—5c to $1." By C. Hartley Grattan..... 468
BENT TOWARD MOUNTAINS. By Hal Saunders White..... 469
LIFE'S DELICATE CHILDREN. By James Rorty..... 470
HAMLET FOR OUR TIME. By Lewis Galantière..... 471
DANCERS OF GERMANY. By Ruth Pickering..... 472
FINAL AUTUMN. By Eda Lou Walton..... 473
THIS WEEK: BOOKS OF THE MONTH. By Freda Kirchwey.... 474
BOOKS:
Made in Heaven. By Joseph Wood Krutch..... 476
Haldane. By S. K. Ratcliffe..... 478
The Sage of Sensibility. By Mark Van Doren..... 480
Short Stories. By Clifton P. Fadiman..... 480
On Fiction. By E. M. Benson..... 482
Black Proletarians. By Abram L. Harris..... 483
Two Women on the March. By Ruth Epperson Kennell..... 483
A Great Lady. By Edna Kenton..... 484
Charleston Scores Again. By Alice Beal Parsons..... 486
How Germany Failed. By Oswald Garrison Villard..... 487
The Artist in America. By D. V. D..... 488
British Tribunals. By Max Radin 489
New Shelburne Essays. By Johan Smertenko..... 489
Poster Art. By Walter Gutman..... 490
Books in Brief..... 491
DRAMA:
Ironic Episode. By Clifton P. Fadiman..... 492

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SO THE SUPREME COURT has decided that Harry F. Sinclair must go to jail for three months for contempt of the United States Senate. That is extremely good news, not, as our readers are aware, because we place any value upon the reformatory worth of a prison sentence. But it has become the cherished belief of millions of Americans that you cannot send a man to prison whose wealth is measured in millions of dollars. Nothing has done more to increase the belief that there are several kinds of justice in America than the ability of the great rascals who have done so much to lower public life and public morality to slip through the meshes of the law because of their means to hire the ablest and most expensive lawyers. Multitudes, we are sure, have even now read this decision of the Supreme Court in the Sinclair case with a skeptical laugh. They will not believe that Mr. Sinclair will go to jail until the jail doors have actually closed behind him, and then they will expect him to get out in a short time through a pardon or through some hokus-pokus. From the point of view of the Senate it is also a particularly gratifying decision. For it means that the power of the Senate to send for witnesses and to compel them to answer questions is now beyond dispute.

THERE IS SOMETHING AMUSING in the deadlock between the government and the great oil companies over a national agreement to limit oil production. The companies want limitation, the government wants it, and most of the people want it, but nobody dares to accomplish it because we have a philosophy of government which is called rugged individualism and a statute based upon that philosophy which is called the Sherman anti-trust act. The legend from which that philosophy is derived is that citizens when let alone to exploit the riches of the earth are harmless so long as they do not combine to form monopolies. Government should stay on the side-lines and not interfere with business until it restricts interstate commerce through price agreements. This catch-as-catch-can practice of exploiting natural resources has resulted in a colossal waste of oil and finally brought us to the point where we were producing at the rate of 485,000,000 barrels a year more than we needed. In January production continued to climb in spite of warnings. The petroleum producers became alarmed because they were lowering their own profits by drugging the market. They petitioned the government to limit 1929 production to the 1928 level. President Hoover withdrew government oil lands from further development, but this action did little to relieve the situation because it affected only about 2 per cent of our oil production. His Attorney-General then ruled that the proposed restrictive arrangement was price-fixing, and therefore illegal—a blow at the Hoover policy of intertrade agreements; whereupon the oil men made plans to limit production anyway and take a chance in the courts.

MR. HOOVER and Attorney-General Mitchell may extricate themselves from the predicament by shutting their eyes to an unofficial agreement on curtailment among the oil producers, or possibly the Supreme Court can find a loophole for the oil companies in the Sherman law. But this should not conceal the fact that in actual practice the so-called rugged individualism of the Republican Party goes up in thin smoke when it encounters economic reality. Free competition by individuals in exploiting natural resources means waste, high prices, bankruptcies of little business men, and ultimate overproduction. Free competition in the oil

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industry probably will exhaust our supplies in twenty years. When we wanted to win a war—when oil and steel and rubber actually meant human lives—we abrogated this policy instantly and adopted the common-sense practice of social control of natural resources. That is obviously what the oil industry needs now if the oil producers themselves and our future generations are to be protected. But that—whisper it—is the "socialism" which Herbert Hoover denounced in his Madison Square Garden speeech in the last campaign. Meanwhile we are witnessing the amazing spectacle of oil operators who have always fought "government interference in business" as the work of the devil and Moscow agitating for State and federal legislation to save them from their own sacred, ruinous competition.

TO MRS. HOOVER and to the President go our warmest thanks for their courageous breaking with two traditions that have in late years grown up around the Presidential office—first, that neither the President nor his wife, and in the case of the Coolidges their son, shall move about without being accompanied by secret-service men; and, second, that the President must not travel without being attended by a retinue of cameramen and reporters. Every American will, we are sure, sympathize with Mr. Hoover's desire to be unmolested on his week-end fishing trips. He is entitled on his outings to go where he pleases and do what he pleases undisturbed. The untoward publicity which grew up in the administration of that great self-advertiser, Theodore Roosevelt, has been kept up ever since; it went to its greatest length under Mr. Coolidge whose absurd posing in his ten-gallon hat and cowboy chaps and every other move were duly reflected by the cameramen and the reporters. It lowered the Presidential office, which will gain in prestige if a President is allowed some reticences and normal privacies.

AS FOR THE SECRET SERVICE GUARD it did not prevent the assassination of President McKinley. Nor would Mr. Lincoln have been saved if there had been secret-service men in his box at Ford's Theater. Any ruler, be he president or king, must take chances, and we believe that the more freely our President moves about and the less he is attended the greater will be his safety. At any rate we are profoundly grateful to read that Mrs. Hoover not only goes out as did Mrs. Cleveland, without a secret-service man at her heels, but that she is driving her own car about Washington with no other company than friends. This is bringing the Presidency back to its historic dignity and the original conception that the man who occupies the White House and his wife are but ordinary citizens residing in that mansion for a short time before going back to their normal habits. In this connection we must also record our satisfaction that Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge have gone back to their simple residence in Northampton. We wish nothing of the divinity which is supposed to hedge about a king to pertain to a President of the United States and his wife.

SOUTHERN BUSINESS MEN should realize that kidnapping labor leaders is a poor way to advertise the South and an excellent way to advertise the grievances of the Southern mill-workers. The band of Elizabethton, Tennessee, business men who kidnapped Alfred L. Hoffman and Edward M. McGrady of the American Federation of Labor on the night of April 3 and sent them out of the State at the point of a gun have done more to arouse the Southern workers than any union organizers could possibly have done. The rayon-workers of this Tennessee town had gone back to work after a brief strike, with the understanding that their wage-scale of twenty cents an hour for a fifty-six-hour week would be raised to twenty-two cents an hour and that no discrimination would be made against union members. The rayon companies promptly broke the agreement by discharging union leaders, and the union organizers who insisted that the agreement be kept were deported. For once the American Federation of Labor struck back swiftly. The organizers returned to town with private guards, President William Green addressed a great mass meeting of protest, and reports indicate that 4,000 of the 5,000 workers in the Glanzstoff and Bemberg plants have joined the union. Meanwhile at least 10,000 workers have gone on strike in North and South Carolina cotton mills, where the workers are fighting against the "stretch-out system" imposed simultaneously by several owners. Here the gravest possibilities of disorder exist because Communist leaders have organized branches of the National Textile Workers Union, the National Guard has been mobilized, and feeling is growing more bitter.

THE BRUTAL REIGN of the coal and iron police in Pennsylvania, which was described in our issue of March 20, is about to be restricted. A bill which has been passed by the Pennsylvania House of Representatives provides that "industrial police" shall take the place of the present coal and iron and other private police, except railroad police. These industrial police will continue to be paid by the companies whose property they protect, but they will be appointed by the Governor and will be subject to dismissal by him at any time. Residence in the State for at least a year before appointment and a bond of $2,000 will be required of all such police; their jurisdiction is limited to within 300 feet of company property. The bill—which seems assured of passage—falls short of the demands of liberal and labor organizations which urged complete abolition of such police and, failing that, asked that entrance into private homes, even though they were company property, be specifically forbidden. However, the provisions of the present bill, and more important, public sentiment aroused by the brutal killing of John Barkoski may serve to keep gangsters and gunmen out of the ranks of the "industrial police"—at least for a while.

THE LOUISIANA House of Representatives has decided by a vote of 58 to 40 to impeach Governor Long on one of the nineteen charges brought last week against the chief executive of the State. The Senate now resolves itself into a Court of Impeachment to try the Governor at once. The charge on which the vote was taken was one of attempted intimidation of a newspaper editor by threats to make known that the editor in question had a relative in an insane asylum. The editor had criticized certain of the Governor's acts. The charge, of course, reads like an old-fashioned melodrama, and so do accounts of doings in the House while the vote was being taken, when one of the Governor's champions, after an impassioned speech comparing Mr. Long with Jesus Christ and asserting that the Governor was being crucified on a Cross of Gold, fell over on his face, crying

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"Take my life, but spare me my privilege!" The Governor's defense of all the charges brought against him was a diatribe against the Standard Oil Company and a statement that he had cared for thousands of blind, deaf, and insane people and had provided better than other governors for the school-children. "They actually condemn me because I have caused so many more children to have a chance of education," he said.

THE DECISION of the United States Supreme Court in the quarrel between the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and the city of New York reads to us like plain, common sense. But plain, common sense is not such an every-day commodity in our courts that we fail to take genuine satisfaction in the judgment. The company, which operates a large part of the subways and elevated roads of the metropolis, acted in a tricky way in running to the federal courts in its effort to impose a seven-cent instead of a nickel fare while the question was still under consideration by the Transit Commission and the State judiciary. The action is rebuked by the supreme tribunal, as is Judge Francis A. Winslow—who has since resigned under charges of misconduct—for accepting jurisdiction in behalf of the federal courts. The case now goes back where it was when the company resorted to its trick, but the Supreme Court has given some shattering blows to the corporation's claims. It disagrees with the plea that the five-cent fare is confiscatory and, best of all, refuses to accept the company's theory of profits. "The claim," declared the court, "for an 8 per cent return upon the values of subways which are the property of the city and distinctly declared by statute to be public streets is unprecedented and ought not to be accepted without more cogent support than the present record discloses." We hope that means that the court feels the same way about public-service corporations generally, which State rate-making bodies have been allowing to earn 8 per cent, although their investment in many instances is practically guaranteed.

WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS did a handsome thing in his address at the memorial service to Field Marshal Foch held in Trinity Church in New York City when he confined his tribute largely to Foch's refusal to demand that the Allies dictate terms of peace in the streets of Berlin. It was an especially valuable utterance to that rich and highly conservative, if not reactionary and in part professionally patriotic, audience which filled Trinity to overflowing, for among its members are doubtless many who still believe that the war should have been continued until the streets of Berlin had flowed with blood and the Allies had left an Old Testament trail of death and destruction from the Rhine to the Brandenburger Thor. Foch knew what this would cost both in human lives and in time, and so did Pershing, and so did Colonel House, and so did Sir Douglas Haig. They were under no illusions as to how the Germans would fight on their own soil if they had to do so. Moreover, whatever they may have thought at the time about the Germans they had some humanity as to the further killing of their own men. As Foch himself said, the Germans having yielded everything the Allies wanted of them, "no man has a right to cause another drop of blood to be shed." The Germans are right in feeling that thereafter he was a desperately hard taskmaster and conqueror, but his wise humanity in refusing to seek the kind of glory that would have come from an advance upon Berlin will outlive the skill and success of his military genius.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK defeated the Wuhan rebellion with surprising speed and thus destroyed the most serious threat yet made against the new Nationalist Government of China. The government emerges from the campaign with enhanced prestige, but its fate is still in doubt. Military intrigue is disarranging nearly all of the Nationalists' plans for building a new China, including the program for demobilization of the army, the construction of a balanced budget, and the rehabilitation of the railways. Control of the rich province of Shantung probably will be given to Feng Yu-hsiang, who has resigned as Minister of War. It will be a sop to keep him faithful. The government is becoming more openly a dictatorship since the failure of the Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) congress in March to hold the allegiance of any of the distinguished revolutionary leaders who have opposed Chiang Kai-shek. The two hopeful developments in the situation are the tentative settlement of the Shantung question with Japan, and the probable defeat of the rebel bandit, Chang Tsung-chang. The Tsinan incident in which Chinese and Japanese soldiers engaged in a miniature war of their own has been settled by an agreement to withdraw Japanese troops from Shantung during the last week of April and to leave the question of compensation for injuries to an international commission. The Chinese do not like this settlement, and their dissatisfaction is justified, but they are too busy with their own troubles at the present moment to exact a full measure of justice from the government of Japan.

FROM THE MOST MODEST of beginnings the Theater Guild of New York has risen to the dignity of an institution. Subscribers fill its several theaters in New York for weeks after the opening of a play. And the Guild not only has theaters in the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Baltimore, but announces that next season it will open four more—in Detroit, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Washington. This information should be enough to make regular Broadway managers lie down and have a good cry. For everybody knows that the season just passing has been dreadfully disappointing, to say the least. The high price of tickets, the high rent of theaters, the fire laws, the motion pictures, the radio, the motor car, and home-made hooch have all come in for their share of the blame. But the Theater Guild has gone merrily on, filling its theaters, producing new plays, sending out road companies. And there is a reason—it is that the Guild, with comfortable and satisfying regularity, produces better plays, and only incidentally charges less for them. Better plays—that is the answer. The other night in New York, at the end of the winter, when the silly season in the theater was thought to have already begun, a play was produced for the first time without a single female, beautiful or otherwise, in the cast; a slow-paced play, a play without heroics, moreover a play in which every character, before the final curtain, had met his death. This was "Journey's End." It is a great popular success. Why? Because it is moving, powerful, true. In other words, a good play. The Guild does not monopolize this secret, therefore. But Broadway managers are very slow to realize it.

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Old as the Hills

CONGRESS is again considering the troubles of the farmer—considering them, that is, in the easy, carefree way in which we usually consider troubles which are not our own. The McNary-Haugen plan for raising the prices of farm products having finally been sidetracked, there is no possibility of legislation which will do the farmer, or anybody else, either much good or much harm. The Republican platform of last year contained a pledge to place agriculture "on a basis of economic equality with other industry to insure its prosperity and success." (Strange as it may seem, the same pledge had been made in 1924.) Mr. Hoover repeated the promise in the first speech of his campaign, and declared "The working out of agricultural relief constitutes the most important obligation of the next Administration." Yet by the time of his inauguration Mr. Hoover had cooled sufficiently so that he lately admitted that he had no program of his own to offer, and when his Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Hyde, appeared before the Congressional committees the other day it was to present one of the vaguest and most pitiful bits of inadequacy that ever appeared on Capitol Hill. His remarks in favor of tariff protection and cooperative organizations were old-line generalities, while his suggestion of relief through the development of inland waterways was visionary moonshine.

The special session of Congress will pass a farm-relief measure of some sort, but nobody will be much affected by it, least of all the farmer. He will get some further and higher tariff duties on his products. These may be of slight value to a few persons, but farmers in general would profit immensely by an all-around lowering of our tariff. A federal farm board may be set up, possibly with a revolving fund to assist farmer cooperative societies in marketing their crops and stabilizing prices. Undoubtedly the best hope of the farmer lies in cooperative effort, but he is unlikely to get substantial assistance from the present government. There is a suggestion to broaden the federal intermediate-credit machinery so as to serve agriculture, but in the face of consistant refusal to investigate or reform the scandalous abuses in the Farm Loan System, the proposal excites no enthusiasm. Congress could not, if it would, do anything to relieve the farmer of one of his heaviest burdens, taxation, for that is chiefly a State or local assessment. Robert Stewart, dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Nevada, pointed out in *The Nation* of October 24, last, that a survey of a group of the farmers in the Corn Belt in 1913 showed that 10 per cent of their net income was taken in taxes. In 1921 33 per cent went the same way. In 1914 farmers in the United States paid $344,000,000 in general property taxes, equal to two-fifths of the value of the wheat crop that year. A decade later they paid $797,000,000 in general property taxes, equal to the worth of the entire wheat crop. Taxes ought to be shifted from general property to incomes and other forms of wealth, but that is a job for the States, not for Congress.

So, in spite of the Republican platform and Mr. Hoover's promises, we emphatically predict that agriculture will not be restored to an "economic equality" with other industry. For the farmer's troubles are inherent in the existing industrial system. Many of them are as old as the hills which he patiently plows or dedicates to pasturage. The theory that the farmer once enjoyed great economic advantages in this country is a myth. As far back as 1850 agriculture received only 35 per cent of the national income although 63 per cent of all the persons gainfully employed were in farm work. Thus an inequality existed even three quarters of a century ago, though it has been visibly accentuated in recent years. In 1920 farmers constituted 29 per cent of the population of our country, but received only 13 per cent of the net income. The exploitation of the farmer, which has been going on since farming began, has been hastened by the rise of capitalistic industry during the machine age. In America, side by side with the independent, individual farmer working and owning his land, has grown up a rapidly increasing urban population—a slicker tribe looking for softer work. Possibly the farmer is not worse off absolutely than he was fifty years ago, but relatively he has lost considerable ground. He is no longer strong enough to take his share, and the city population has no desire to give it to him. The Republican Party, especially, would be aghast at the thought; its pledge to restore agriculture to "economic equality with other industry" is the sheerest balderdash.

In our view the outlook in this country for the independent farmer—the man whom we have regarded as the backbone of America—is not bright. We fear that he is doomed to a decay similar to that of the individual storekeeper and the small business man. The Department of Agriculture estimates that our farm population on January 1, last, was 27,511,000 persons, the smallest in twenty years; and even that number is due in considerable measure to the high birth-rate (23 per 1,000 persons annually) as contrasted with the low death-rate (8 per 1,000). It is a fair guess that the flight from the farm will continue for another decade or so. Then two opposing tendencies—processes already at work—may have become strong enough to check the movement. One is the advent of large-scale farming, run like a factory. The other is the appearance of a new kind of individual agriculturist, usually a recent emigrant from Europe, who is by training a peasant farm laborer. Such persons, including a large number of Poles and Italians, are willing to accept a low standard of living, and have been successful in reclaiming many supposedly hopeless farms in New England. This new type of peasant-farmer is generally a tenant, not a land-owner, but that is not necessarily to his disadvantage. The vast increase in tenant-farms in this country in recent years is a sad story for those who have had to give them up, but the newcomer is commonly better off to work on shares or pay a small rent than to carry the burden of mortgages and heavy taxes in order to be a land-owner. The new peasant-farmer is paving the way for the farm-factory, or factory-farm, of which he will eventually become an employee. The factory-farm may be an economic blessing but it can hardly be other than a vital social loss.

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This Prohibition

IN Illinois a woman was shot dead, her husband beaten into insensibility, and her twelve-year-old son made liable to prosecution for criminal assault during a raid of prohibition agents on her home. In South Carolina a twelve-year-old Negro girl, unable to pay a fine for carrying a bottle of whiskey across the street, was sent to jail for thirty days. In Michigan a woman was sentenced to jail for life for having in her possession a pint of gin. In Minnesota a man was ordered by a prohibition agent from his sick bed and taken 130 miles in an automobile to St. Paul, where he died in a hospital of double pneumonia, supposedly contracted on the trip. The British steamer I'm Alone was sunk on the high seas by Coast Guard Patrol boats, a member of her crew killed, and her captain put into irons. There is a record of 135 alleged law violators killed by federal enforcement officers and of fifty-five officers killed by persons they were proceeding against.

Items like these are reported almost daily in the newspapers. They seem to be about the only facts that it is possible to be sure of in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Statistics about the consumption of alcohol can be and have been adduced by both sides in the controversy. We are told that there is less and more drinking than there was before the prohibition amendment was passed; that there are more and fewer deaths from alcoholic causes, prisoners in the various jails of the country, and husbands who squander their pay on Saturday nights and come home to beat their wives. But wherever the truth lies in these matters, we know that men and women have been killed—some in the proper pursuit of legitimate business—and that other men and women are now in jail for longer or shorter terms for the infraction of a law that is broken with impunity by a large number of their fellow-citizens.

It is a simple matter to say categorically, Obey the law, or Enforce the law at whatever cost. Either command involves certain implications that are abhorrent to American ideals of justice. For America was founded on the notion that an unpopular law, a law that thousands upon thousands of Americans believe to be unwarranted and unjust, is better broken than obeyed. From the day when the tax on tea resulted in a ship's load of it being dumped—by an irresponsible crowd of hotheads—into Boston Harbor, this has been so; and if hotheads perpetrated the unlawful Boston tea party, the opinion of sober men came in time to support it. Thousands of sober men are now at odds on the question of prohibition. Some are on one side, some are on another.

The New York *World* points out, apropos of the Wisconsin vote on the repeal of the State prohibition law, in which the Wets won by a large majority, that in the past two years referendums on prohibition have been held in ten States: Illinois, New York, Nevada, Massachusetts, Montana, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Colorado, California, and Missouri. Of these the Wets won the first six by a wide margin and lost the last four by a narrow one. They are not all Eastern States; they fairly represent the country as a whole. They offer the spectacle of a majority of nearly a quarter of the population of the United States coming out and voting Wet. At the same time we have the less pleasant spectacle of Mr. Morgan of Ohio, a member of the House of Representatives and an irreconcilable Dry, accused by customs officials of bringing four bottles of spirits into the country in violation of the Volstead Act; of Representative Michaelson of Illinois indicted for smuggling liquor into the country in a trunk; and we hear Senator Cole Blease of South Carolina, a Dry State, uttering the highly specious argument that he does not transport, import, or purchase liquor, but "if a friend of mine tonight should ask me up to his home for a drink, I'd be delighted." And finally, to add to the utter confusion which befogs consideration of the subject of prohibition, we know that while there are honest men and fanatics on both sides, on the side of the Drys are supposed to be the solid ranks of the bootleggers and manufacturers of illicit spirits, for reasons that are purely mercenary.

What, then, is this prohibition? Is it a simple law that must be enforced like any other law? Or is it as mixed up with emotions and mores and principles and behavior as was the Stamp Tax a hundred and fifty years ago? It is broken daily, hourly; it is enforced by violence, murder, and the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars yearly—where it is enforced at all. We have had nearly ten years of it. It is time, as Mr. Hoover says, to take stock. Are we, as our European neighbors think us, a violent, lawless, unreasoning nation? Or can we, soberly, sanely, with justice and decency, submit this question to the most penetrating inspection? Is America Wet? Is it Dry? Is it half-and-half? Once more *The Nation* appeals for a countrywide referendum on the subject. The existing situation is intolerable.

Crazy Economics

EVERY time the Department of Commerce issues new statistics concerning American wealth it becomes more and more evident that our system of distributing income is grotesque to the point of lunacy. The fact that the world is full of lunatics does not entirely excuse our shortcomings, for in the field of productive efficiency our business leaders have demonstrated that they can be remarkably intelligent. The farmers who do the most vital work of the world in keeping us all alive receive the lowest income of all, about $717 a year. The manufacturing workers who stand by moving belts, punch holes in tin plates, or tie broken threads through weary days get an average wage, according to the Department of Commerce's figures for 1927, of approximately $25 a week. That is a few cents more than the previous average of 1925—for those who work. But for those who do not work or who work irregularly—and their number is legion—the average income is below that amount. For the Southern cotton-mill workers it is about $12 a week—when they work.

While our manufactures are going up, the number of workers required to produce those manufactures is going down. The National Catholic Welfare Conference estimates that a million and a quarter jobs have disappeared from our factories in the last five years, leaving eighty jobs in the textile mills where there were 100 before, eighty-five in iron and steel, eighty in lumber, eighty-three in tobacco, and eighty-seven in food products.

Meanwhile "we" are getting richer all the time. No

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country in the history of the world has ever approached our record. Our manufactures increased 43.4 per cent in the six years from 1921 to 1927, inclusive. Who got the increase? The consumers got a part in lowered prices, and the workers got a little, but the lion's share went to owners. The significant figure to look at in the latest report is "value added by manufacture." That has gone steadily up from eighteen billions in 1921 to twenty-seven and one-half billions in 1927. But labor's share of that value has gone steadily down from 45 per cent in 1921 to 39 per cent in 1927. When we take into account what the worker produces and what price is being paid for his product we find that he was actually getting a 10 per cent lower return in 1927 than he got in 1921.

Of course, no one stops to measure the workers' production in this way and ask whether he is not being cheated out of his share of our increasing wealth. The approved method of distributing the products of industry is to give the workers as little as they will accept without losing efficiency, and to consign the balance to other factors. Some contend that since the machine is responsible for most of the increase of production, the owners of the machine should receive practically all of the increased revenue. If such reasoning is followed to a logical conclusion the distance between the worker and the owner will grow greater year by year. In the absence of any compelling moral standard, or of any powerful labor opposition, the rich will grow richer very rapidly, the poor will grow richer very slowly, and the chasm of inequality will grow wider.

At present even the workers are not much concerned about the evident tendency to give an increasing *proportion* of the gains of machinery to the masters of the machines. They tend to think in terms of real wages and to remain satisfied if their absolute income does not drop. When an occasional worker shows insight enough to comprehend the way in which owners are skimming the cream of the new industrialism, he usually starts climbing out of the working class toward that privileged class of 11,000 persons in the United States whose income averages 203 times the wage of the factory hand.

The acceptance of our grotesque inequalities of wealth is nowhere better illustrated than in our double standard of need for rich and poor. The social agencies of New York City undertake to keep a family of four alive on $25 a week, allowing an adult a $15 coat once in three years and about fourteen cents' worth of food for each meal. The charity allowance in Milwaukee is eleven cents a meal for a working-class mother and twelve cents for a father. The Milwaukee Family Welfare Association allows $60 a year to a mother living at home to dress herself. For the education of these mothers we commend the reading of a paragraph which appeared in the New York *Times* on the morning after the last annual Beaux Arts ball in New York City. It describes the dress worn at that ball by the wife of the head of the National Security League.

> Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, as in former years, wore one of the notable costumes of the night. As the Golden Eagle she represented "The Spirit of Napoleon's Campaigns." Her costume, a huge affair, was of cloth of gold. Fully 400 eagle feathers, encrusted with gold leaf, were used to make the wings, which measured fifteen feet from tip to tip. The bird's head, body, and tail feathers were embroidered with amber stones.

A Simple Case

GOVERNOR C. C. YOUNG,
Sacramento, California.

SIR: In response to the petition for the pardon of Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings you have pledged yourself to "reread every word of the Mooney transcript, as well as every document bearing on subsequent developments of the case." You have indicated that this month of April, when the California Legislature comes to an end, may be the time chosen for that task. We hope that you will not longer delay. The people of the United States are waiting for your decision. In San Quentin and Folsom prisons are two men who have waited twelve years.

It is over two years since Tom Mooney first petitioned you for a pardon, and the length of time you have taken to arrive at a decision indicates that you regard the decision as a difficult one. In this we do not agree with you. We have just finished reading the 444-page abstract and analysis of the Mooney-Billings record made by Henry T. Hunt and sent to you last month. We doubt if any governor ever had an easier decision to make in regard to any prisoner than you have to make concerning Mooney and Billings. The record establishes beyond any doubt whatever that these men were sent to prison unjustly.

Ten people were killed by an explosion during a preparedness parade in San Francisco in 1916. Tom Mooney was convicted of first-degree murder for these deaths because four people claimed to have seen him near the scene with a suitcase containing explosives. F. C. Oxman, the chief witness of these four, was not in San Francisco at the time of the explosion but at least fifty miles away. He was caught in his perjury when he wrote letters to a friend asking him to cooperate in faking testimony. John McDonald, the second witness, later confessed that he had lied and that he had never seen Mooney or Billings until he saw them in prison. Mrs. Millie Edeau and her daughter Sadie, the third and fourth witnesses, were exposed by the police themselves, who admitted that Mrs. Edeau told them two entirely contradictory stories of the explosion.

These facts are not hearsay or opinion, Governor Young. They are established by the written record and accepted by virtually every person connected with the trial except the prosecutor, Fickert, who aided in the frame-up. Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who sentenced Mooney to death, all the surviving jurors who found him guilty, the detective sergeant who procured the State's witnesses, the Attorney General, and Fickert's successor as District Attorney, have united in asking that Mooney and Billings should be freed.

We suspect that the facts in this case have little to do with your hesitation. It is the interests involved. You are asking yourself: Who will be offended if I pardon Mooney and Billings? The power interests of California will be offended; they fought Tom Mooney, the labor organizer, and could not break him. The business men of San Francisco will be offended; they made fools of themselves in the anti-red hysteria and their pride is at stake. You can save their pride, Governor Young, or you can save two innocent men. That seems to us a simple decision.

THE EDITORS OF *The Nation*

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT is pleasant to find that the fight for modification in Wisconsin was led by a member of the Socialist Party. Liberals and radicals in general have been slow to see that this issue properly belongs in their program. Of course a man can be a sincere reformer and still believe in the abolition of alcohol. Nor need he be deterred by the ancient cry of States' rights. People who fought for woman suffrage and who are fighting now against child labor realize that this has often taken the place of patriotism as the first refuge of scoundrels, in the familiar phrase of Dr. Johnson.

But in the development of political conditions prohibition has definitely become a corner-stone in the conservative system. Norman Thomas erred, I think, in tactics and in feeling when he made so little of the issue during the last campaign. The Socialist Party was dampish here and there, but for the most part the leaders treated what they called the "booze" problem as a red herring. They felt that it was a concern outside the borders of Socialistic ethics. Now, while it is true that American socialism may not be fairly identified with scientific Marxianism it still remains by several shades too inflexible. One of the reasons for its slow growth here has been an inability to adapt itself to peculiarly native conditions. Palpably prohibition is no concern of comrades in the lands abroad, but here it has become the very symbol of that middle-class smugness which wars against all change in economic structure.

One may say if he pleases that alcohol lulls the worker into a crass contentment with his lot. Abolish the saloon and the faithful wage slave will presently be found with a radio in his parlor and in his garage an automobile which is one-tenth paid for. It may be tragic for the toiler to trade away human rights for a glass of beer or whiskey, but I must admit that I am not altogether thrilled when he begins to worship things as they are simply because he can hear "Sonny Boy" over the air when he comes home from the factory.

Perhaps in one sense American labor, or at least a portion of it, has won a promotion unknown in foreign lands. With us highly skilled organized labor is not properly a part of the proletariat at all. The American Federation of Labor is the very backbone of the middle class. If this development represented an actual abolition of poverty it would be hard even for the fiercest doctrinaire not to applaud the condition. But of course there will remain in even the most prosperous administration the helotry of unskilled agricultural labor and the bulk of the Negro population.

The two most reactionary crowds in America are the very sinews of prohibition. The combination which holds the clamp in place is big business and the evangelical churches. These are forces which must be weakened before there can be any political or social progress. In the days of the saloon the worker in sweated industries had one effective form of protest within his power. He could always get drunk over the week end. This caused suffering among his dependents, but they were not the ones who shouted for the Volstead Act. People close to the man driven beyond human capacity knew the fundamental reasons for his weakness. They knew that the life which he led was intolerable without the use of such a drug. As in the case of crime the reason for intemperance lay almost wholly in poverty. Industrial America has known great multitudes far too unhappy to be sober. And the proper answer to the prohibitionists is: "Lift our burdens and we will drop our glasses." As the millennium approaches, the use of alcohol will inevitably diminish. No one, I think, has reserved any corner sites for saloons in Utopia. But it does seem to me monstrous that 100 per cent efficiency should be demanded of any whose hours are outlandish and whose pay is pitiful.

Capital wants more efficiency from labor, but it is extremely doubtful if any considerable portion of the excess profits will flow back to the worker. For instance, in a recent month when the price of Anaconda shares rose some forty or fifty points the copper miners were rewarded with an advance of twenty-five cents a day in wages. And to be fair, it was not the only one of recent raises. In fact the pay of miners had been raised all the way from $5 a day to a colossal $6. In other words, the reward for being good boys, good workers, and obedient slaves was all of $6 a week. I wonder if it's worth it. My sympathies, I believe, would go out to the miner who said, "To hell with efficiency; give me another beer."

Prohibition prosperity is much more talked about than witnessed. Actually there are able-bodied men in these United States who do not own a motor. Starvation is not unknown. Bull markets never yet put bread in every home. As things stand it is not unfair to say that labor has been required to be sober, so that the rich may be able to afford bootleg luxuries. Among captains of industry the practice of talking Dry and drinking Wet is even more common than in Congress.

But beyond the actual question of prohibition itself are the larger implications bound up in the problem. It has become within a year the complete and perfect symbol of intolerance and hypocrisy. Even so remote a thing as universal peace has not gone free. We find Senator Hiram Johnson arguing against our entry into the World Court because if another I'm Alone case arose we might lose our fight before a neutral tribune. Again, the fiercer fanatics in the Baptist and Methodist ranks have been frank to say that they would gladly go to war if armed conflict were necessary to protect the ark of prohibition. Also young Fish, in the House, used the rum-running battle in the Gulf of Mexico as a peg upon which to hang an inflammatory statement about the necessity of relieving England of her Caribbean possessions. In a world which does not like us, our prohibition and the methods used to enforce it provide perhaps the greatest irritant of all. No passenger from abroad is likely to be thrilled by American idealism and liberty just after his hips have been slapped by some snooper on the gang-plank. Even during the war itself espionage had not been developed upon any such scale. It may be hard for the immigrant to distinguish between a cossack and a prohibition agent if dry pogroms are to persist. The fight for modification has become an out and out struggle for essential liberties.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Who Owns the Daily Press?

By JOHN LOOMIS

Washington, D. C., April 5

THERE has just ended another stage in an encroaching monopoly control over the country's press. Within an interval of a year or perhaps two, a further stage will begin to unfold. Then, one after another, newspapers over the country, particularly the small-town and country press, will begin to fall victims to the process. Such has been the experience in the past. It can only repeat itself. If as a reader of one of these victim papers you are moved to inquire for the explanation, you will probably be told: "Oh, the paper trust has again boosted the price of newsprint. It's the old story. No chance for the small newspaper. . . ."

The International Paper and Power Company, which by its own boast occupies a position in the newsprint industry "unique in corporate history," has obtained a virtual monopoly on the whole North American paper market. This corporation not only dictates practically throughout the world the price at which newsprint shall be sold, but establishes entirely at its own pleasure the term of years for which its contracts shall run. Through the mere sending out of a formal notice its customers are notified the price they must pay during the next year. The contract lately signed for 1929 is retroactive to January 1, and for nearly three months, while price-fixing negotiations were in progress, these newspaper purchasers did not know whether the price would be $50 or $70 per ton. The corporation has forced the whole Canadian wood-pulp industry to its terms. It brazenly defies the American government and its anti-trust laws and virtually dares that government to investigate its manifold activities.

One might suppose that in the face of this menace the newspapers of the country would ring with denunciations, that their editors would thunder in unanimous protest. But editors and publishers understand very well the even greater danger of such an outcry. Perhaps one might look to the American Newspaper Publishers Association, the newspaper publishers' own powerful organization, to take up the fight. But consider this: Of the dozen or more men who are dominant in this association two are themselves directors in the International Paper and Power Company, four or five are paper-mill owners, several have recently been financed by the International, and a number of others are undoubtedly bound up with banking interests which can compel their silence even should they be inclined to speak out.

Three investigations have already been made of the industry, one in 1908, one in 1917, a third in 1920. There have been prosecutions and a few indictments. But always the paper trust has grown more powerful. A fourth investigation is about to be set in motion by the Federal Trade Commission. There is no reason to believe that this new investigation will be more effective than the others.

About twenty years ago a chemist in the Department of Agriculture discovered that a better quality white paper could be made of farm-waste materials such as cornstalks, straw, cotton-stalks, etc., than is now being produced from wood pulp. In 1915 another chemist working in the same government department found that writing-paper could be made from zacaton, a wild, straw-like plant which grows abundantly in the United States and in Mexico. In 1916 further tests showed that American seed-flax straw could be utilized in the paper- and fiber-board industry. More recently these discoveries were confirmed by the Bureau of Standards of the Commerce Department. Finally Senator Thomas D. Schall of Minnesota introduced a bill to grant government aid to further the proper development of this industry.

According to reliable estimates the new process would eventually provide a market for one billion dollars' worth of materials now going to waste on the farms. Senator Schall introduced another bill to establish a number of experimental mills in various States. Then he settled back to await the country's applause. Much to his astonishment the press of the nation, upon which every good Senator must fall back, did not acclaim his efforts. Several Western papers carried the news. One or two Eastern papers printed an item. The New York *Times* "buried" a paragraph on page 16 between stray advertisements. A Washington newspaper correspondent who sought to broadcast the information was soon afterward attacked upon the floor of the House, charged virtually with being a liar, spy, and "detective."

The Department of Agriculture, which at first bitterly resented a mild imputation that it had not sufficiently furthered the process, is now apparently ready to repudiate its earlier position. Congressman Holoday of Illinois has quoted the Bureau of Standards in condemnation of it. A $50,000 appropriation by Congress to further experimentation was cut out by the Director of the Budget at the request of the Department of Agriculture and was reinstated only after a special effort.

Following a series of mergers, consolidations, options, and outright purchases, plans were outlined about a year ago by the then International Paper Company for the creation of a colossal newsprint and public-utility holding company. On June 26 of last year the directors of the company approved the formation of the International Paper and Power Company constituted as a Massachusetts trust. A $600,000,000 newsprint and public-utility corporation was thus set up.

Powerful banking groups, as may be expected, dominate the affairs of the corporation. The chief role has been played by the Chase National Bank with Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of its board, as a director of the International. The Morgan group through the Bankers Trust Company and other institutions has likewise been influential. Owen D. Young, one of this group, was a member of the reorganization committee which last summer set up the holding company. The participation of Young allied with the group the powerful Mohawk-Hudson Power Company. It is not hard to see that the ramifications of the monopoly are nation-wide.

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In a prospectus issued to its stockholders, Archibald R. Graustein, president of the company, besides assuring them of an increase in earnings due to higher prices for newsprint paper in the future, declares: "The position now held by the company is unique in corporate history. Not only is it the greatest paper company in the world, but it is now also one of the largest public-utility enterprises on this continent." To which may be added the testimony of the company's bankers: "The International Paper and Power Company, with its subsidiaries, has expanded in such a manner that it is now dominant in the pulp and paper industry with a daily capacity more than double that of its nearest competitor."

About three months ago persistent rumors began to circulate in the newspaper industry that huge sums were being advanced by the International to finance newspapers. On December 22 last the *Editor and Publisher* printed a story reporting that a $16,000,000 newspaper chain had been financed by the International: "The corporation so backed is reported already to have acquired three dailies and to want forty or fifty more. Papers are not necessarily being bought outright . . . but 51 per cent of the stock is being acquired." Previously the *Editor and Publisher* had reported that a lawyer representing the International was one of the unsuccessful bidders for *El Progresso,* a New York Italian daily recently sold at auction.

About a year ago the International found conditions in the Canadian newsprint manufacturing industry not altogether to its liking. In the first place, there was what the company called "overproduction." Secondly, the Canadian producers were beginning to bid against one another for business. So the International decided to take a hand and teach the industry a lesson. Immediately it launched a price-cutting compaign. Prices dropped from about $66 per ton, the figure agreed upon previously, to $50 and $48. Less efficient, smaller mills were faced with bankruptcy. Production was forcibly curtailed, unemployment and suffering followed.

The next move was made by the governments of the timber-growing provinces of Canada. Premiers L. A. Taschereau of Quebec and G. Howard Ferguson of Ontario and others began to call upon the newsprint producers to "cooperate." Conferences were held with these government officials as the chief figures. The Canadian producers, it seems, were considerably disturbed over the methods of the International. The situation, as one American manufacturer declared, was "delicate."

At this critical juncture the Canadian Premiers were summoned to New York. They met with the heads of the International and thereafter their tactics became more animated and their warnings more ominous. Finally it was announced that the governments of these provinces were considering an embargo on the export of newsprint paper. As about 90 per cent of the Canadian production is sent to the United States, it can be seen that such a threat was impressive. Mr. Graustein, however, journeyed to Quebec and there, after several days of conferences behind carefully locked doors, the agreement was worked out. The territory was apportioned. A production quota for each mill was set and a price of $55.20 per ton f. o. b. mill was determined upon. Some manufacturers felt that the price was too low.

It would not long remain at this figure, Premier Taschereau assured the public, in a statement issued by him in behalf of the industry after the final conference. "When the crisis commenced," he said, "and the price of paper dropped, the government . . . took a hand and an arrangement was made and all the paper manufacturers have subscribed to it, whereby the price will be $55.20 a ton." As a hint to anyone who still harbored ill feelings against the International, he advised: "I can tell you as far as the International Paper Company is concerned that we found much good-will there, even better than we found with some Canadian companies, and the arrangements we have been able to make are due to the intervention of the International Paper Company."

In the meantime another development worthy of note has taken place. A group of far-seeing business men organized the Cornstalks Products Corporation and late in 1927 established a plant at Danville, Illinois, for the conversion of cornstalks into paper. Naturally this corporation could see no good in the measure proposed by Senator Schall to provide government assistance to any firm which might in the future enter the field as its competitor. The company sent a representative to the Senator to assure him that his efforts were futile. Later the representative appeared again, this time more militant. Senator Schall was advised that he did not know what forces he was bucking; his speeches would receive scant press notice; sufficient counter-propaganda would be sent to the press to offset any notice he might secure; neither the Department of Agriculture nor the Bureau of Standards would stand behind their earlier recommendations. These and a number of other predictions made by the lobbyist came to pass, so accurately, in fact, that Senator Schall is moved to call him, "My prophet." "My prophet asked me," Senator Schall reports, "if I did not know that the greater press of the country was intertwined with the newsprint manufacturing business. This I also later discovered to be perfectly true when I found Elisha Hanson, a lawyer, appearing before the Agricultural Committee on January 30 on behalf of the American Newspaper Publishers Association and later appearing . . . for the Canadian International Paper and Power Company on the same subject."

In his investigations of the Cornstalks Products Corporation, Senator Schall discovered that the company is a subsidiary of the Euroamerican Cellulose Products Company, which is in turn controlled by the British Shell Union Oil Corporation. Again and again, as he has pondered over the issue, there has come back to him the new insight derived from a recent observation by a Canadian newsprint manufacturer: "After all, it is the newspapers that seat and unseat governments."

In the new contract-form circulated by the International, its customers are given the option of signing up for five years at an unspecified price—after the first year—for the paper they purchase or for an indeterminate period of years up to fifteen with the proviso that the contract may be canceled if the price is increased. The power which such an agreement gives to this monopoly may be easily imagined. Not the least of the issues is the fact that should the new method of newsprint production become practical, no market would be found for the product.

Last week the American Newspaper Publishers Association appointed a committee to deal with the situation.

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Nothing came of the meeting. Among other things it was disclosed that Mr. S. E. Thomason, publisher of the Chicago *Journal,* and chairman of the committee, was one of those recently financed by the International. Mr. Thomason, it was stated, frankly admitted the fact and offered to resign but was prevailed upon by the committee to continue.

In the meantime the Federal Trade Commission, following the passage of Senator Schall's resolution to investigate the monopoly, has begun to gather evidence. One can only wish the investigation success!

Gloucester Honors Its Sailors

By ZELDA F. POPKIN

SOMEWHERE on ocean's bottom, off the rocky northern shore of Massachusetts, a startled cod is making his supper of the pale gold petals of gladiolus and joyous mermaids are weaving garlands of nasturtiums for their hair. These strange treasures that the ebbing tides have carried out to sea are relics of the annual flower tribute of the folk of Gloucester to their men who have gone "down to the sea in ships."

Men go down to death in the shafts of coal mines a score of times in every year, and their only monument is the stark black breaker. The mills claim their toll of lives and recall them only in the melancholy echoes of the factory siren, but the sturdy men who sail out of Gloucester to win their livelihood may find comfort in that, should they never see the lights of Eastern Point again, all the arts will join to pay tribute to their memory.

Gloucester, which is one of the oldest of American towns, has for nearly 300 years watched her men put out to sea to bring back to America's tables cod, halibut, swordfish, mackerel, herring, and ground fish. If the wind was fine, and the catch was good, there was rejoicing in the little homes on the hilltops and crooked streets of the quaint town. But now and again a schooner limped into port with rigging torn and flag floating half-mast and a tale to tell of battle with gale and ice. A stormy winter left many widows, orphans, and bereft mothers. The poets heard these epics of the toilers of the seas, and their voices thundered; novelists listened to and told again the adventures of the men who earned their living in the fishing trade.

Englishman, Finn, Norseman, Portuguese, Italian, Spaniard—all their sons have gone out of Gloucester in the fishing fleet, and after three centuries the town still leans upon the fishing industry for its prosperity and remains the greatest salt-fish port in the United States. Its fleet—schooners whose home port is Gloucester harbor—numbers about 150, and their personnel nearly 2,000 men. Thousands of others—older men who have no taste for the rigors of the sea, and young women, too—find employment in a variety of business enterprises that are by-products or accessories of fishing. They salt, dry, skin, and bone cod and mackerel for the great fish-packing companies who send their products over all the world. They assist in the manufacture of fish glue and cod liver oil. They work at making sails and nets, twine and oil-skin clothing. On the whole they manage to maintain a fair standard of living, to surround their small dwellings with gardens, and to rear sturdy, wind- and sun-tanned boys and girls.

Within the last half dozen years, science has brought changes in the trade upon which Gloucester's well-being rests. The fishing schooner no longer need wait for favorable winds. She glides gracefully in and out of the beautiful harbor with furled sails and purring engine. With her improved power and with her modern trawls she can bring in her catch in a third of the time that it took the old type of schooner to reach the fishing grounds, lay the nets, haul them in, and return again. Many fishing boats carry radios which make it possible to summon aid and to receive warning of approaching storms, and also to be in touch constantly with the markets ashore, and to ascertain what fish is in demand and where it can be most advantageously disposed of. This latter is of the greatest value, since fishing is a cooperative enterprise, and merchandising the catch is of the highest importance to the men who bring it in.

Occasionally now a man may be swept overboard in a storm or cut adrift in a dory, or tragedies occur like that of the ill-fated prize-winning schooner Columbia, sunk a year ago with more than a score aboard her lost. But the machine age has left its mark on the most picturesque of human occupations. The romance and adventure of fishing out of Gloucester are gradually diminishing, along with the immemorial hazards. Going out to sea for codfish and mackerel in these days has become part of the routine motion of a business that annually provides millions of dollars' worth of foodstuffs for the people of the United States.

If the old tension of waiting and watching has been lessened somewhat, Gloucester still dwells affectionately on the romantic tradition of its fishermen. Tradition will not let the Gloucester fisherman rest at the level of an ordinary laboring man. It is a tradition that is nurtured and sustained alike by the townsfolk and the town's numerous visitors. The beauty of the port that has been called the "American Venice" draws hundreds of summer tourists to Cape Ann who go seeking for various thrills in the drawling reminiscences of ruddy, leather-skinned sailmenders and ancient mariners. Most American artists have at some time or other worked in Gloucester. Generations of painters have immortalized the harbor and made it a familiar sight to the gallery-goer. It was inevitable therefore that the artists and summer tourists should have in time made the fishermen aware of their own picturesqueness.

At the head of the harbor on Western Avenue, the street through which the visitor enters Gloucester, is a bronze monument, a little more than life size, the fisherman's permanent memorial, graven by Leonard Craske, a member of the summer art colony, and erected two years ago by the municipality. The figure is of a man in oil-skins grasping the helm of a disembodied ship, his limbs taut, his eyes straining out over the sea, to capture, perhaps, some glimpse of sails, of faintly gleaming lights, of the ghosts of comrades. It is one of the few instances—perhaps the only instance—

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in this country of a public idealization in sculpture of a workingman plying his trade. About the feet of this glorified mariner, the wives of the Portuguese fishermen sun their babies. Wreaths of the flowers that bloom in Gloucester gardens rest against his capable toes as invocations to the generous gods of the winds and the waves and the procreation of fishes.

The entire community—native as well as tourist population—participates in the annual fishermen's memorial services, held at the end of each summer, and they consist largely of reading aloud the names of the Gloucester men whom the sea has claimed in the last twelvemonth, and of strewing the waters with bouquets which time and tide will carry down to the final resting-place of those lost fishing-folk.

On the brow of a hill directly facing the open sea stands the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, erected by the families of pious Portuguese fishermen in the image of a lovingly remembered church in the Azores. The statue of Our Lady crowns the doorway. It is draped in a mantle of many colors that dance in the brilliant sun. Her arms cradle a little boat. The towers beside her house Gloucester's famous carillons, the first carillons in the United States, acquired by popular subscription as well as by the contributions of the nickels and dimes of the poor fishing-folk. Every Wednesday night, from June to the end of September, the streets about the church of Our Lady of Good Voyage are black with people and automobiles. In the belfry a famous Belgian carillonneur labors, to drag sweet music from the bells. At sundown the song of the carillon bells—religious music, folk music—floats out to sea past the twinkling lights at the breakwater, over the waves. And in the houses around women are silent and sometimes sad, wondering whether the winds will carry far enough Gloucester's tribute of music to the memory of their lost men.

In a prim little parlor on Main Street above a cigar-store that once was a saloon, a veteran of the sea with ruddy, youthful skin, bright eyes, and stumps of hands, holds open court for all who will come and listen. He is Howard Blackburn, source of inspiration for innumerable authors who have written about the Captains Courageous who fought the lashing gales of the North Atlantic. There is about him all the pathos of an active man tied to a fireside and bored by the repetition of a tale that once was thrilling and is now gone stale on his lips. To his townsmen and the initiated of the summer visitors he has the interest and dignity of a museum piece, and some of the stuffiness. He embodies all the stories of the hazard of the fishing trade, all the spirit of adventure and dauntless courage that have made the Gloucester fisherman world renowned wherever men love to hear tales of the sea.

In January of 1883 Howard Blackburn, then a young blade of twenty-five, was one of the crew of a schooner fishing off the coast of Newfoundland. He and a single companion went out in a little dory to bring in the nets. A sudden storm came up from the northwest with blinding snow and ferocious gale. Wind and waves swept them away from the larger vessel and they never saw it again. For days they were tossed at the mercy of the gale, without food or compass, Blackburn pulling madly and apparently in vain at the oars. When, finally, the little boat reached the Newfoundland shore, the rescuers found that one man had been frozen to death and that the hands of Blackburn, the survivor, had been frozen on the oars. A remarkable exploit—one that would be enough for any man's lifetime, but scarcely adequate for a dauntless Gloucester fisherman. With only the stumps of his hands (the frozen fingers had been removed, leaving only the crotch of thumb and index finger) Captain Blackburn twice crossed the Atlantic alone in a twenty-five-foot sailing vessel, and circumnavigated the Great Lakes and Florida waters. Today, at seventy, he still yearns for the sea, and chafes at domestic ties that keep him bound to his easy chair.

Cap'n Bickford, who in his day was another of Gloucester's museum pieces, was considerably more fortunate. This veteran of the seas, who died a year ago, was the holder of a Congressional Medal of Honor awarded during the Civil War for bravery during the engagement of the Kearsarge and the Alabama. He had passed eighty when he finally yielded up his line and rudder, and his last command was a twenty-foot sloop that took skittish landsmen on sailing trips around the cape. But he told the tales of his glorious days many times over before he died, just as Blackburn is again savoring his triumphs in their retelling.

Down one alley an old net-mender is becoming a hero again in his senile days that might, were it not for the countless insatiable tourists, have been lusterless and too long. Across the way a fisherman, turned amateur antique dealer, is enjoying a popularity that youth denied him. The fishing trade may become a matter of cold calculation and scientific skill, an efficiently operated business paying good dividends, but Gloucester will have more than its pungent smell to remind it of the glorious days. Music, sculpture, and literature will keep alive the glorious traditions of the years when this odoriferous village of crooked highways was a cradle of American heroes.

Meteorologist in His Youth

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

To live inside the cemetery gate
And have the graves and tombstones for a garden—
The father's duty was the boy's fate,
Dark as a guilt for which he must find pardon.

On sunken grassy couch and granite pillow
Fluted into wings of angel-feather,
A lonely child he crouched beneath a willow
And watched his two companions, death and weather.

The earth was death, the changing air was life
Which told him whispering secrets day and night.
Death was his father, weather was his wife
And full of unpredictable delight.

And he would cleave to weather endlessly,
To cloud and light and thunder and the wind;
And, constant in her sweet inconstancy,
She'd soothe away his sense of having sinned.

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Teapot and Other Tempests

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., April 8

"WALK into my parlor," said the farm bloc to Wall Street, but Wall Street did not choose to walk. Invitations to appear before the Senate Committee on Agriculture and divulge their thoughts on farm relief were hastily declined by J. P. Morgan, Charles M. Schwab, and half a dozen other giants of finance. Despite Chairman McNary's bland explanation that the committee was moved only by a humble wish to seek wisdom from the very best minds in existence, the financiers apparently suspected a trap. If so, their instinct served them well. The real purpose was to place on the witness-stand the outstanding spokesmen of the interests which have opposed the equalization fee, and demonstrate by their own testimony that they know little, if anything, about the farm problem, and have little, if any, interest in seeing it properly solved. For nine years the committee had sweated its collective head off in an effort to devise a plan of relief. Eventually it arrived at a solution and incorporated it in the McNary-Haugen bill, which Congress passed. The bill was generally derided and opposed in financial and industrial circles. Great bankers solemnly pronounced it "unsound" and "impractical." Due in part, no doubt, to their influence, President Coolidge vetoed it. The men who had been wrestling with this subject for nine years were, and are, convinced that the bankers who opposed the bill had never read it. They hoped that a public demonstration of the ignorance of these eminent soothsayers might cause the public to see the matter in a new light. So they said, in effect: "Doubtless you gentlemen understand this problem better than we do. The public seems to think so. Very well, our plan is dead; let us see what you have to offer in its place." But the bait was declined.

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THUS vanished the prospect of the best show which Washington had been promised in a long time, and I record it with a heavy heart. Few persons on the outside comprehend the complexity of this subject, or appreciate the prodigious amount of labor which has been devoted to investigating it. I confess that I looked forward with unmitigated delight to the day when Mr. Schwab or Mr. Morgan would undergo cross-examination at the hands of such a veteran expert as Senator Norris or Senator Brookhart. Fancy Wall Street's consternation when its favorite gods were torn apart by men whom it was accustomed to regard as mere "hick statesmen"! Fancy the confusion of the gods themselves! Alas, it was not to be! But in saving their dignity, how much of their reputations for sincerity did the great men retain? After all, the plan which they so pontifically condemned *is* dead. What *have* they to offer?

* * * * *

THE new Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Hyde, went up and offered what he had, and it was precisely nothing. However, the weary Senators found themselves somewhat refreshed by his naivete. It appeared that Secretary Hyde had been reading Mr. Hoover's campaign speeches, and consequently was impressed with the belief that agriculture should be "put on a parity with industry." He was of the opinion that the tariff should be made "effective for the farmer." He believed that something should be done to relieve the depressions caused by "seasonal gluts and surpluses." Yes, dryly observed some members of the committee, there seemed to be quite general agreement on those points. The question was, just how to do it. Here Secretary Hyde grew instantly vague. It appeared that neither in his experience as owner of an automobile agency in Trenton, Missouri, nor as president of an insurance company in Kansas City, had he encountered any definite formula for farm relief that exactly satisfied him. But he thought it would be a good thing to have a Federal Farm Board. Yes, that was it—let Congress provide for the creation of such a board. Then President Hoover, who had the interest of the farmers dearly at heart, would certainly appoint men who would solve the problem. On that triumphant note he concluded. Poor Mr. Hyde! It was quite obvious that his chief had left him to shift for himself before the committee.

* * * * *

NEVERTHELESS, it seems inevitable that the outcome will be a bill establishing such a board and providing it with a fund of $300,000,000 or more to be used as the board sees fit. The present consensus is that the board will use it to create a stabilization corporation which will deal in commodities when emergencies arise. The corporation, to be effective, must perform functions similar to those contemplated for the export corporation which was proposed in the old Norris-Sinclair bill, which Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, opposed! At the time he opposed it, it was reported that he secretly favored it, but had to declare otherwise in order to remain in President Harding's Cabinet. Now that he is in a position to be his own man, it seems likely that he will come around to Norris's view. But stranger things have happened.

* * * * *

THE spring dog days in the capital city have been vastly enlivened recently by the public squabble over the social status of Mrs. Edward E. Gann, sister and "official hostess" of Vice-President Charles Curtis. Mrs. Gann, a very large and aggressive lady, announced upon the heels of her brother's election that she would expect to receive the social recognition accorded to the wives of Vice-Presidents, and pursuant to that determination she became a candidate for the presidency of the Senate Ladies Club. Strange as it may seem, there was something about her manner or methods which aroused quick and violent antagonism, and between the Kaws and the palefaces of Washington official society unremitting war ensued. The first battle resulted in a rout for the daughter of the plains. Not only did she fail of election to the presidency of the Senate Ladies Club, she was admitted to honorary membership only. Thereupon Brother Charlie put on his hat and hurried to the State

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Department, which acts as arbiter in these precious matters of precedence. Another defeat, for presently Secretary Kellogg dispatched a note to Sir Esme Howard, the dean of the diplomatic corps, stating that, at official dinners, Mrs. Gann should be seated below the wives of foreign Ambassadors. This fact was allowed to become known the day before Mr. Kellogg left Washington. Kansas bleeds, but never surrenders. Hardly had Mr. Stimson taken over the vexing problems of foreign affairs than he received a call from the Vice-President, demanding a reconsideration of Mrs. Gann's ranking. Simultaneously, Brother Charlie issued an aggrieved statement in which, referring to himself in the third person, he described "the Vice-President's dissatisfaction with the former Secretary's conclusion."

* * * * *

THIS tempest in a teapot might be simply and briefly treated with the ridicule which it richly deserves if it were not that such minor intrigues have more than once influenced the course of this Government. Many a vote in the Senate and House has been changed through such incidents; it is probable that the fate of important legislation has been decided by them. The "social lobby" is credited with having temporarily saved Truman Newberry's seat in the Senate. It is difficult for some statesmen to go contrary to the social ambitions of their wives; at least one Western Progressive Senator is regarded as having definitely succumbed. The present unseemly squabble, by the way, is incidental to a strange metamorphosis in the case of Curtis. As the senior Senator from Kansas and leader of the Senate majority, no man enjoyed more personal popularity. Questions of social precedence caused little trouble in the life of the best poker player in Congress. But now he has suddenly acquired the grand manner. A considerable portion of the Senate Office Building has been remodeled to provide him with a pretentious suite of offices, over which he presides from a chair which might be mistaken for the papal throne if it were not inscribed in gilt letters an inch high with the legend, "To the Chief, from the Original Curtis Boys and Matthew Quay Glaser." His residential suite at the Mayflower is dazzling. So is his new raiment. Something has happened to Charlie. I must not forget to add that Mrs. Gann has a husband, but his social status apparently causes no concern. The Inaugural Committee gave him a ticket to sit in a covered stand out of the rain and see his wife ride in the parade. But no one seems to know whether he eats at the first or second table on official occasions. Sadder still, no one seems to care.

* * * * *

KANSAS persists in seizing a none-too-flattering place in the headlines. Governor Reed has just attempted to practice a singularly snide trick on President Hoover by giving the impression that his own act in appointing Henry J. Allen to the vacant United States Senatorship from that State was dictated by Hoover. Everyone knew he would appoint Allen, whose private secretary he formerly was. That is, everyone knew he would appoint Allen or someone named by Allen. Yet he came to Washington, obtained an appointment with the President, and upon emerging from the White House announced that he had discussed the appointment with the President, had learned that the President would be gratified to see Allen in the Senate, and that, accordingly, he would appoint him. Doubtless he felt the need of justification from an important source. The appointment could not be justified on Allen's own record. Mrs. Margot Asquith once aptly described him to me as "the most illiberal public man I have ever met."

* * * * *

IN an earlier paragraph I mentioned the temptation and apparent fall of a certain Progressive Senator. But I am anxious not to be misunderstood as subscribing in full to the appraisal of the Senate Progressives in the current number of the *American Mercury*. (Numerous charges that I am the author of it impel the observation.) To suggest that Wheeler of Montana, who defied and exposed the most desperate gang of political thugs ever to invade Washington, is a trimming politician is curiously absurd. To intimate that Senator La Follette is not really as ill as he appears to be is downright shameful. The Progressives have their faults, but compare them with the others!

Desert Spring

By ADA HASTINGS HEDGES

It will be spring upon the bare gray hills:
Across the sunny slopes will soon be seen,
Close in the wake of winter's lingering chills,
A trailing mist of thin ephemeral green.
Through this transparency the hills will be
Remote and grim, in scorn of compromise
With spring's brief carnival, inscrutably
Disdaining all her garments of disguise.
In frosty dawns the meadow larks will pour
Their reckless flood of song upon this wide
Indifference; while under skies too clear,
Old junipers, more weathered than before,
Grow wistful as they stand unglorified,
That May is but a shadow passing here.

Bishop Cannon Wins an Award

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

THE announcement that Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has been chosen by the *Christian Herald* as the American who "made the most significant contribution to religious progress" during 1928, fell upon the ears of the public a short time ago. As an award for his truly extraordinary exertions in the cause of religion during the twelve months lately come to an end, the Bishop was given a trip to the Holy Land.

Stanley High, editor of the *Christian Herald,* has been quoted as saying that Bishop Cannon was selected for the honor because of "his long and distinguished Christian leadership, and in particular because of his campaign in the South

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on behalf of prohibition before the last national election." In the minds of many of us who were able to follow at close range the Bishop's activities as leader of the anti-Smith Democrats in the fourteen Southern and border States, certain questions arise, namely: In what respect does the preservation of the inviolable sanctity of the Eighteenth Amendment promote the cause of religion? Have "religion" and "prohibition" come to be synonymous terms in this country? And in addition to these two queries, a third presses for an answer: How can a man who was instrumental in stirring up bitter hatred against the Roman Catholic church, a denomination with nearly twenty million American adherents, be said to have made an unparalleled contribution to religious progress?

In referring to the acrimonious battle fought by Bishop Cannon and his cohorts against the forces of Rome, I am aware that they vigorously denied that they were opposing Governor Smith because of his faith. It was his attitude toward prohibition which led them to take up the cudgels for his Republican opponent, they repeatedly asserted. None the less, I have little hesitation in saying that Bishop Cannon did more to foment intolerance in the late campaign than any other individual in the United States, with the possible exception of that great Christian warrior, Imperial Wizard Hiram Wesley Evans.

If anyone doubts that the Bishop was strongly opposed to Governor Smith because of his Catholicism, his own utterances on the subject should prove convincing.

An address Bishop Cannon delivered in Portsmouth, Virginia, on the night of September 21 is typical of numerous others. He devoted a large part of the address to a frontal assault on the Catholic church, quoting from papal encyclicals to drive home his arguments. He also declared that it was a "peculiar coincidence" that Governor Smith had selected John J. Raskob, "a wet Roman Catholic," as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and that Smith's nomination had been brought about by Olvany, Hague, and Brennan, "all wet Roman Catholics who dominated the Houston convention." He was particularly caustic in his references to Raskob, and spoke of him as "this wet Roman Catholic Knight of Columbus and chamberlain of the Pope of Rome," a phrase which he frequently applied to the Democratic chairman during the campaign. But on top of all this, he actually made the statement in this same Portsmouth speech that anyone who charged him with opposing Governor Smith because of bigotry rather than because of Smith's attitude toward prohibition was "guilty of a malicious political falsehood"!

And this is not all. Almost on the eve of the election, when only a few days remained for a reply, the Bishop published in the press of Virginia vitriolic advertisements attacking Governor Smith almost solely on the ground of his religion. Whether these same advertisements appeared throughout the rest of the South I am unable to say, but it seems reasonable to assume that they did. At any rate, they were widely printed in Virginia. Publication in the weekly papers was so timed that no opportunity for a reply was afforded, since the attack appeared in the last issue before the election. Copies of the advertisements, printed as circulars, also were broadcast.

This terrific assault on the Democratic nominee and his faith was signed by Bishop Cannon, and was headed "Is Southern Protestantism More Intolerant Than Romanism?" The Bishop sought to justify its publication by saying that he wished to prove that Catholics are more intolerant than Protestants. His broadside covered nearly six newspaper columns of ordinary newspaper type, and contained appeals to almost every imaginable prejudice against Catholicism. The most rabid journals of the Klan seldom print anything more flagrantly anti-Catholic than this Cannon advertisement. In it the Bishop expressed the belief that millions of Catholics "will be saved by their faith in Christ," but he characterized the Catholic church as intolerant in its attitude toward Protestantism, in that it takes the position that those who are not members are "strangers to the hope of life and salvation." He then went on to say that Catholics everywhere were working for Smith's election, and that if Smith entered the White House American institutions would be endangered because of the pronouncements of various Popes in favor of the union of church and state.

Such were the methods used in the recent political campaign by the man who has been pronounced by the *Christian Herald* to have made a more significant contribution to religious progress during 1928 than any other American. The award is to be made annually hereafter. In view of the record made by the initial recipient, those who are singled out in the future by the *Christian Herald* will be pardoned if they incline to the opinion that the honor is a somewhat dubious one.

In the Driftway

"I WON'T be whitewashed," says Heywood Broun in last week's *Nation,* referring to the Drifter's remarks about him in the issue just previous. That's all right with the Drifter. He didn't want to whitewash Mr. Broun. He wanted to apply a coat of tar, but was afraid he couldn't get away with it. And Mr. Broun's explanation of how his testimonial to "The Cradle of the Deep" came to be printed on the jacket of the book, along with indorsements from Felix Riesenberg and William McFee, shows that the Drifter was right in not taking a chance. For it is an unimpeachable defense. Mr. Broun wrote his comment for the *Book-of-the-Month Club Bulletin,* from which Joan Lowell's publishers reprinted it—without credit. The Drifter is glad Mr. Broun was paid for it—the more the better—for the Book-of-the-Month Club is an impartial body to which any critic may properly sell an opinion.

* * * * *

WHAT makes the Drifter uneasy is the prospect that soon literary critics generally may be writing indorsements at the demand of publishers—paid for in money or otherwise. Publishers are not impartial; they are legitimately partisan. In order to sell books they want not impartial criticism but purely praise. If literary critics begin to accept retainers from publishers to boost their wares, then literary critics are going to fall into the unenviable position now occupied by the professional experts in the courts who can earn fees as witnesses only by attaching themselves to one side or the other and giving partisan opinions which can never be quite true and often are wholly false. The Drifter thinks the only cure for the scandal of

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expert witnesses in trials is to have them called not by the contending lawyers but by the judge. That is the position of the literary critic today, and the Drifter hates to see him abandon it for a lower one.

* * * * *

THE Drifter notes also that Mr. Broun disagrees with Arthur Warner's exacting demand for realism in his review of "The Cradle of the Deep" in *The Nation* of last week. The Drifter doesn't presume to speak for Mr. Warner, but he is disposed to take his side. Apparently the latter insists that when a writer sets down what purports to be his own experiences, he should not inject into them experiences which he knows did not happen to him, and possibly never happened to anybody. That seems reasonable. Mr. Broun believes "there is a fundamental verity in fairy tales." So does the Drifter—so long as they are presented as fairy tales. But he doesn't want fairy tales mixed in with his monthly bill from the butcher, nor into the evidence of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The Drifter doesn't demand even probability from the writer who is frankly regaling him with romance or farce, but he does ask that biography be not consciously distorted with error in order to make it more "interesting," and he wants realistic fiction to be essentially true. Mr. Broun is willing that the sea remain the "enchanted kingdom" that sentimental writers have made of it, but if a play or a book on newspaper life threw on it a glamor of false romance and adventure, would Mr. Broun be equally complacent? He is on dangerous ground when he stresses too passionately the excellence of merely "interesting" books. Certainly books should be interesting, but is that all? Mr. Broun once damned all around the block a play called "Abie's Irish Rose." Since then the play has proved interesting to hundreds of thousands of persons. What then?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Reach for Monoxide

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I don't know how to measure patience or its approach to exhaustion, but the more I see of the present style of cigarette advertising the nearer my remnant of patience gets to zero. For instance, the hygienic superiority of cigarettes. Anybody with the scantiest notion of chemistry can see at once that the smoking of tobacco or any other material is an example of the ordinary and infallible method for making carbon monoxide. To know how much monoxide it makes we need scientific measurements; and they are available. In an article in the *Lancet* for May 22, 1926, Sir Humphry Rolleston (medical professor at the University of Cambridge, and more lately one of King George's physicians in his recent sickness) informs us that cigarette smoke contains up to 1 per cent of monoxide, while a Havana cigar rapidly smoked may run up to 8 per cent (for comparison, an American health bulletin says that stove smoke has 2 per cent and auto-exhaust smoke 7 per cent), but that the cigarette gets most monoxide into the blood because cigarette smoke is inhaled; cigarette-smokers' blood may show up to 5 per cent absorption of monoxide; the effects of cigar-smoking are mainly those of tobacco, the effects of cigarette-smoking are mainly those of monoxide and other products of combustion.

We know the reputation of monoxide. We know that one who has even a little monoxide in his blood cannot have the same redness of blood, nor the same service of red blood to his health and pep, as if he had not that little. We know that it sticks long in the blood and accumulates. We cannot doubt that if a man smokes and also gets monoxide elsewhere, the monoxide from the two sources will be added in his system. If from other sources he gets almost enough monoxide for a headache, the addition of cigarette monoxide will make it quite a headache. Will the cigarette advertisers reply to Sir Humphry's statistics?

Ballard Vale, Mass., March 26 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Good Candy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of June 13, 1928, you pointed out in a discussion of the candy investigation and subsequent New York City White List of fifty-seven indorsed manufacturers that

> The Consumers' League did not simply publish these facts and then drop the subject, which is what usually happens after such inquiries. Neither did it seek a remedy through impossible or probably futile legislation. Instead it resorted to a "White List"—a means that has been effective in other industries—.

May we let your readers know that again the league has not dropped the subject but has now published a combined States' White List which covers those manufacturers in New York (city and State), New Jersey, and Cleveland, Ohio, who are all paying their women workers at least $14 a week, working them no longer than fifty hours each week, and providing a clean, comfortable factory in which sanitation is scrupulously safeguarded. Copies of this list may be obtained free from the Consumers' League of New York, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York.

New York, March 26 MARY D. BLANKENHORN

Buick Performance

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few days before the announcement that Mr. Buick, originator of the Buick car, had been allowed to die in poverty, appeared this full-page advertisement in a Boston newspaper: "The whole world's talking about Buick performance!" It ought to. But will it?

Boston, March 20 LUCIEN PRICE

Italian Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with great interest the article on the Papal-Fascist Alliance by Robert Dell in your issue of March 27. May I suggest that the views of the author would carry much more weight in the mind of the readers if he were a little bit more accurate in the facts on which he bases his arguments. On page 369 he says: "Catholic religious teaching is to be compulsory in all schools for all pupils." And, on that assumption, he ventures to exclaim a few lines further: "What an outcry there would be from Catholics if America or England made Protestant religious teaching compulsory in all schools for Catholic children!"

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The facts are a little different and Mr. Dell has no reason to worry: it is explicitly stated that religious teaching will be extended to high schools in the same form in which it has been imparted so far in the grammar school where all students that for any reason object to religious instruction are exempt without any difficulty. In fact, the law does not make it compulsory for students to receive religious education, but it makes it compulsory for all schools to offer religious education to children who want it.

New York, April 1 LAURO DE BOSIS

A Censored World

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reading your editorial Fumigated Movies moves one to reflect that if England had instituted a board of censors half a century ago, with authority to prohibit the showing of "incidents which bring into contempt public characters acting in their capacity as such, i. e., officers and men wearing H. M. uniforms, ministers of religion, ministers of the crown, ambassadors, etc.," we would have been spared those outrageous indecencies of Gilbert and Sullivan. And how much better a world it would be!

Chicago, March 26 WILLIAM H. HOLLY

The Nation *has sent Paul Blanshard to the Carolinas and Tennessee to describe the uprising of mill workers that is sweeping the South. His first article on the great strike in the Carolinas will appear next week.*

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International Relations Section

French Imperialism and the Church

THE church-state controversy has revived in France. Since November the Radical Socialists in Parliament have been attacking Poincaré for his advocacy of two articles—70 and 71—which were introduced into the budget through the influence of Foreign Minister Briand. These articles authorize religious missions to reestablish headquarters in France and train recruits for foreign missions. Half of the bills included in Articles 70 and 71 have been passed and the others will probably be approved; but the Opposition, which feels that this is an attempt to abrogate the laws of 1901 and 1904 which drove religious orders from France, threatens to carry the question before the public. Briand is a staunch anti-Clerical—it was he who drafted the law of 1904 which ended the ownership of property by religious bodies. He advocates 70 and 71 purely for reasons of foreign policy. These reasons are frankly stated in the following article by Camille Guy which we reprint from *Le Petit Marseillais*. This newspaper, printed in Marseilles where interest in colonial matters is keen, is well informed on French imperialism.

Our readers know with what care I avoid treating political questions in this journal, since I feel that a colonial policy, in order to give the results sought for, exacts the union of all Frenchmen and that on the contrary party politics cannot help but divide them. And readers will be surprised that at this moment, above all, I have judged it useful to approach the serious problem of religious congregations, educational or charitable, in the colonies. It is just because all colonials are unanimous in feeling that this problem is not and ought not to be either political or religious. It has a much higher import, that of the national interest. Principles are, certainly, respectable, but they must bow before the facts.

Let us then leave words and look at the facts. No one can deny that we have, at all times, found in our colonies and in the countries where our influence penetrates a precious and necessary support in certain religious communities and in men who have always had the noble solicitude to reconcile their beliefs with their duty as Frenchmen. We have met in them incomparable helpers whose work has been very productive. Who would refuse to bow before the admirable work of Cardinal Lavigerie, a true apostle, who suppressed slavery in almost all of Africa; or of Father de Foucault, who across the immensity of the Sahara was able to overcome the intransigent and atavistic fanaticism of the Arabs and the Moors? Who could ignore the tireless apostleship of Monseigneurs Lemaître and Augouard, who during thirty years traveled over the unknown regions of the Congo and there braved, with a smiling and confident courage, the cruelties of climate and the hostility of savage tribes whom they knew how to disarm and win over by their unalterable sweetness and devotion?

Those among us who have lived in French West Africa will never forget the noble and luminous figure of Père Jalabert. He was a true apostle, whose sincere and deep devotion could bend to circumstances and to the necessities of the hour. During the terrible epidemic of yellow fever in 1900 he gave his services to all who were ill, without ever a thought of their opinions or origin or situation. And what admirable scorn of danger! It was he also who at the beginning of the war made the dangerous journey from Dakar to the Sahara to meet there the Moorish chief, Sheik Sidia, a sort of Mussulman pope. He was able to convince him of the justice of our cause and it was a memorable day, which history ought never to forget, when this intimate alliance was made with our hereditary enemies, an alliance of the Cross and the Crescent. Thanks to this alliance, the Moorish tribes remained neutral throughout the war. It is in the Orient above all that our priests and our missionaries have rendered the most precious services for centuries. Who does not know, for example, that the Christian Brothers (those whom the crowd wrongly called for so long a time, the "ignorantins") raise thousands of students in the traditional culture of our country and in the knowledge of our language? Is it not a moving example that Catholics unite their efforts with Jews to maintain our influence and our authority in the Mediterranean countries?

Wherever French missionaries are installed, our influence has increased and our policy has been imposed. In the New Hebrides, French missionaries have taken the place of English pastors. It was the same in Madagascar, where we had to struggle against the secular and insidious propaganda of the English and Norwegian missions.

We must not forget, moreover, that the question presents itself to us in two ways. Wherever we have never been, or wherever we have ceased to be active, foreigners instal themselves in our place and exert a formidable activity against us. And what is much more dangerous, foreign missions have at their disposal financial resources infinitely superior to ours, and for this reason have no trouble in making us forgotten and in convincing those whose confidence we formerly had of our powerlessness and inferiority. The French Alliance does well to give all its efforts to sustain our missions in foreign countries, whether they be lay or religious. But what can it do with the feeble budget at its disposal when, if it were American, German, or English, it would be endowed, as much by the public powers as by private initiative, with many millions? The College for Young Girls of Beirut is on the point of closing its doors for lack of money. Other faculties of the same city are going through a crisis equally grave and perhaps mortal. This is not surprising when one knows that the American faculties, installed only a short time in Syria, have at their disposal more than twelve millions, while ours receive hardly four, of which 1,800,000 francs only are furnished by the French government.

The Italians, energetically encouraged by Mussolini, have just opened a secondary missionary school at Beirut and a boarding school for young ladies conducted by Sisters of Ivrea. At Damascus, the Italian *Recollets* have installed a secondary school and a hospital conducted by missionaries. Their enterprise extends even to Egypt where they have just opened three superior schools. In Honolulu, as recently as 1920, French missionaries represented 80 per cent of the missionary force. The proportion has fallen today to 20 per cent.

Such is the problem to resolve. If I am mistaken in the solution I give, I console myself in thinking that I am mistaken with such eminent men as Lévy-Bruhl, George Dumas, Abraham, Vaquez, Lapicque; with political men and administrators such as Gambetta, Paul Bert (one remembers his stony formula: Anti-clericalism is not an article of exportation), Combes himself, Herriot, above all Briand and Albert Sarraut.

If France wishes to take again its due place in the world, that is to say the first, France can do it only by the union of all Frenchmen and the accord of all beliefs against the indefatigable efforts of our rivals and enemies.

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RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL was formerly librarian of the Kuzbas Colony and American secretary in the administrative offices.

EDNA KENTON is author of "The Book of Earths."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS's new novel, "The Insider," is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

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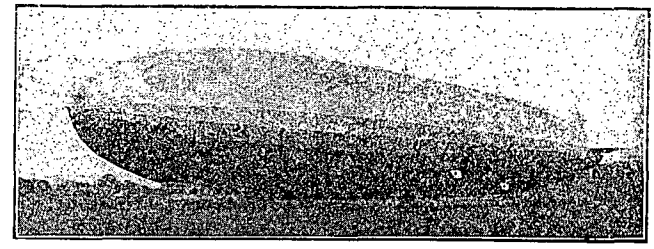

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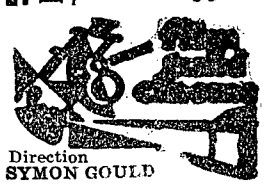
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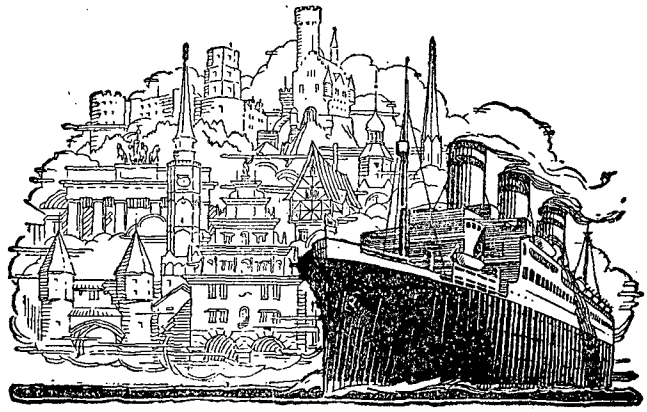

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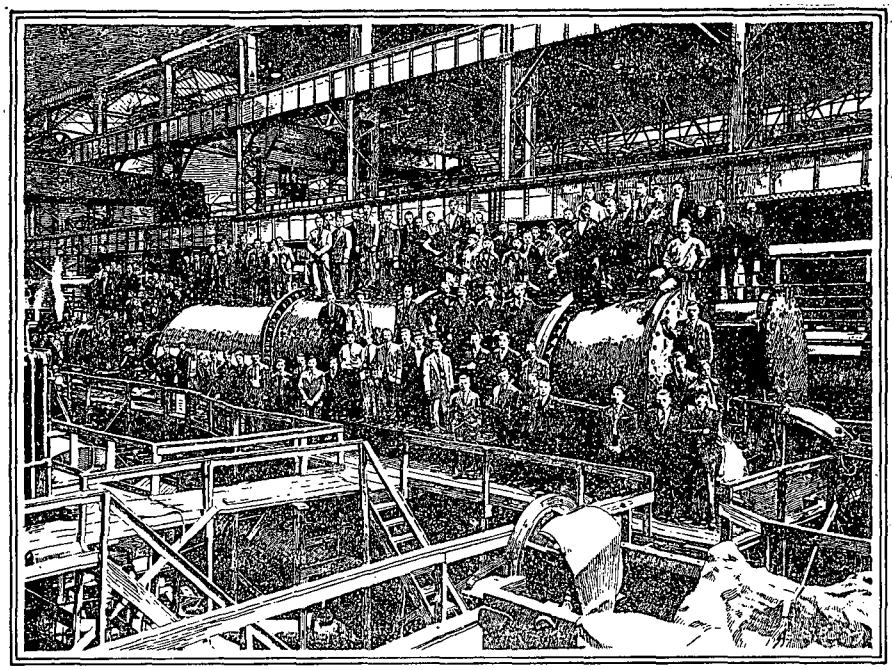

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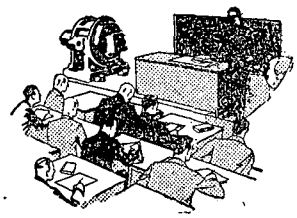

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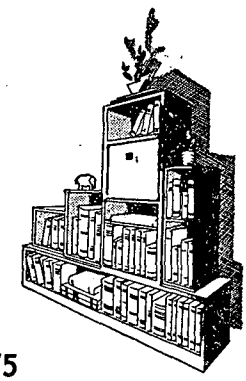

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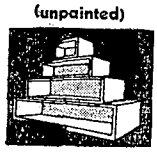

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Spring Book Section

Poems

By MARK VAN DOREN

Wit

Wit is the only wall
Between us and the dark.
Wit is perpetual daybreak
And skylark
Springing off the unshaken stone
Of man's blood and the mind's bone.

Wit is the only breath
That keeps our eyelids warm,
Facing the driven ice
Of an old storm
That blows as ever it has blown
Against imperishable stone.

Wit is the lighted house
Of our triumphant talk,
Where only weakly comes now
The slow walk
Of outer creatures past the stone,
Moving in a tongueless moan.

Epitaph for a Jester

The things he used to do, and laugh,
Are blown along with other chaff.

Never to rustle and arise,
Here the kernel of him lies,

The solid portion of the man.
And this we count—but feel the fan,

And lift a sudden far-off look
At what the wind of harvest took.

Epitaph for One Unburied

Stranger, do not think to find
The banter here of parting bones;
We let the desert wind unbind
His flesh, and scatter it like stones.

He was impatient with the jest
Of eyes enlarging underground.
So his are open to the west,
And day diminishing around.

There all the pieces of him lie,
Too far apart to understand
The comedy of ribs awry
And sockets filling up with sand.

Modern Sinner

He was of an old mind,
And so would have preferred
Consciences less kind
Around him when he erred:
Darker wires to bind
The scarcely cagéd bird.

Such wings as now he wore
Were lifted quite in vain
Without a narrow door
To take them in again,
And shut, and hide the sore
No probing would explain.

For still he could be healed
And try another flight.
Now all was sunny field,
With never a stroke of night.
So wearily he wheeled
Into the endless white.

The Philanderer

It was the very innocence of love;
Though words were whispered that have toppled
walls
And taken sleeping lives, he was a dove
Nesting in little gables, whither his calls
Brought momentary mates to share the dim,
Sweet dawn along the eaves, and strut with him.

The nearness of the morning was what saved him.
He never would have dared the naked night;
And they were such as never would have braved him
In the true dark. It was a pretty fright,
A flutter of alarm beside a door;
Then the sun came, and there was nothing more.

It was delicious doom to be suspended
Thus between having and not having them.
What never had begun was never ended,
Save that some tried a deeper stratagem
And flew to him at midnight. Then he ran,
Lest now he be possessed as proper man.

He ran, and they were glad that it was so.
It was their doom to play at the surrender.
Having themselves again, they still could go
Remembering the eyes of this pretender—
Leaving a lonely portion of them there,
Under the soft eaves beyond the stair.

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"Books—5c to $1"

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

ARNOLD BENNETT wrote not so long ago: "Recently a new novel was published in exactly the style of the ordinary 7s. 6d. novel; but its price was fixed at 3/6—as an experiment. . . . The subscription for the novel was no larger than it would have been had the book been offered at more than twice 3s. 6d. One of the very largest booksellers in the country, if not the largest, actually objected to the reduced price. He preferred dear books; that is, he did not want books to be popularized in the only way in which they can be popularized. He said: 'I am here to supply a demand—not to create it.'" This is interesting for two reasons. First, it shows that new books at low prices are not for that reason guaranteed a large sale in England. Second, that to be successful a cheap book must usually be a reprint. If this latter conclusion is not so how are we to account for the long and honorable history of reprints in England?

Much the same conditions seem to hold in this country. We have on the one hand a marked tendency upward in the price of first issues of books, particularly translated fiction and biographies, and on the other, an extraordinary outburst of reprint series. In pricing new books the motto seems to be, "All the traffic will bear," and apparently it will bear a good deal. Without materially enriching the physical appearance of a book, or at least confining the enrichment to the exercise of better taste, a novel can be sold today for three dollars that would have moved slowly yesterday at two. Biographies can, as a rule, be dressed up to sell for five dollars with little difficulty, and the shortest sketches can by skilful handling be made to sell for three fifty. At the same time there are at least three movements that make their appeals on the grounds of reduced cost of books: the various book clubs, the cut-rate bookstores, and the reprint series. The first movement gains its ends by bargaining power based on large membership; the second by cutting the bookseller's profit and aiming at a quick turnover; and the last simply and solely on the quality of the text and format coupled with a minimum price.

Of course the business of a publisher is to sell books. Those few who plan to publish good books and good books alone are not in the business long; and the well-established firms that get out excellent books that don't sell largely compensate for them through money-making cheap stuff or textbooks. With this in mind we may safely say that the chief motive behind the establishment of these various new reprint series (which I shall enumerate in a moment) is to make money by reaching a new public. The same motive is behind new books that sell for less than a dollar, though here there is sometimes a special appeal. If a publisher has exhausted the market for a book at the price of, say, three dollars and is debating what to do next, he will naturally be agreeable to a proposition for putting the book out at a dollar in a series. As a rule he is not under any expense himself. He lends the plates and receives a flat sum as royalty, which he splits with the author. The reprint publisher thereupon sets out to sell his books with three appeals: cheapness, the distinction of the format, and the fame of the book. By this final appeal he takes up the unutilized reserve of advertising pull and word-of-mouth recommendation that the original publisher was not able to utilize when the book was for sale at three dollars. This description applies, of course, to the publication of reprints by a separate company. Slight modifications should be made in the case of companies which do their own reprinting and confine their series to books they have already published more expensively. The principle, however, is the same.

Some of the most famous series of reprints have been going on for years and are devoted to classics and semi-classics. Everyman's Library, a monument to the ability of its founders and exploiters, is perhaps the most famous. Close behind it comes the World's Classics series of the Oxford University Press. Both of these series retail for less than one dollar and do not include many books by living writers. Supplementing them is the Modern Library which continues after ten years to be the most famous and substantial of all libraries of reprints whose emphasis is on the "modernity" of its books. It is a model in its field. Of comparable age are such enterprises as Nelson's Pocket Classics, Grosset and Dunlap's reprints of cheap fiction, and the various series of A. L. Burt and Company.

Our concern here, however, is with the more recent series such as the Star Dollar Books, the Sun Dial Library, the Novels of Distinction of Grosset and Dunlap, the Vanguard Press reprints and new-book series, the Appleton Dollar Library, the International's Voices of Revolt series, the Borzoi Pocket Books, and so on. Representative recent series made up of volumes written especially for publication at one dollar or less are the Today and Tomorrow series, the New Republic Dollar Books, the One Hour series, the Beginnings of Things series, and several more.

Now the various new reprint series are variously constituted, but not one of them betrays any strict sort of editorship, the sole requirement apparently being that the book must sometime in the recent past have sold widely. Fortunately most of them are able on that basis to reprint fairly "good" books. Reprinted novels, of course, were originally priced, on an average, at two dollars and a half. They can, consequently, be manufactured quite inexpensively, and since the royalty question is pretty much eliminated and the advertising mostly done, can be sold at a profit at one dollar or even seventy-five cents. On the other hand, series that include non-fiction items, as for example the Star Dollar series, while most of their titles were originally priced at two-fifty, also find it possible to issue books originally priced up to five dollars. An analysis of a recent Star Dollar list reveals the following distribution of original prices:

Price.	*No. of Items.*
$1.75	1
2.00	12
2.25	1
2.50	27
3.00	18
3.50	9
4.00	6
5.00	12
5.50	1
6.00	1
8.50	1

Over half of the books originally sold for three dollars or less. The highest priced item is Cellini's "Autobiography."

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With regard to series of books made of volumes written especially for inclusion, such as the famous Today and Tomorrow series, we may say that their appearance is part of the general American interest in popularized knowledge. In spite of the fact that the series named, like several others listed above, originated in England, the backbone of the sale seems to have been in America. For if we are to believe an analysis of English reading habits made by Hugh Walpole (in *Books,* March 31, 1929), the English reading public does not absorb much of this sort of thing. In such undertakings the quality of the books must be considerably varied, which is a distinct weakness both from the point of view of the person selling them and the person who turns to them for epitomized information on a variety of subjects. To be sure no group of authors can produce work of equal quality any more than the contributors to a symposium send in work of equal merit. That is, the Today and Tomorrow series has brilliant units that stand out from the general run, just as certain of the contributions to "Whither Mankind" stand out from the rest. That is inevitable. Perhaps, however, if a bit more editorial discrimination were applied to these ventures the results would be different.

The mechanical side of these ventures is also interesting. The chief objection to the Everyman's Library has always been the poor appearance of the volumes. The objection to the World's Classics has been the size. The objection to the Today and Tomorrow series is obviously enough the perishable nature of the books. But with the more recent series, following the lead, I think, of the Modern Library, there has been a distinct effort to produce good-looking as well as cheap books. Comparison is invidious, but it may be mentioned that the Sun Dial Library, the One Hour series, the Appleton Dollar Library are all, in their various ways, distinguished in appearance. When Knopf reduced the Borzoi Pocket Books from one dollar and a quarter to one dollar they had W. A. Dwiggins design a new standard cover. This is a distinct advance.

I have, perhaps, devoted too much space to the more technical phases of these ventures (and my discussion, of course, is that of an outsider; I am not connected with publishing). Nevertheless there is one more technical aspect on which I should like to comment. That is the marketing of these volumes, which leads us inevitably to the final point I shall make. Most of the series are sold through regular book dealers and are segregated on the shelves for convenience in handling. The favored places for display are reserved for new and more expensive books. Unless the book is not available in an expensive edition (and many publishers continue reprinted books in a regular trade edition) or unless the customer makes a specific request for a book in a named series, there is not much effort to push cheap books. The publishers view the matter differently, as their advertising shows. But, most significantly, with the advent of more and more reprints of good books, there is a movement to devote departments to reprints and emphasize their value *and* cheapness. There is even a beginning of stores devoted exclusively to books selling at less than one dollar. According to the *Publishers' Weekly* a department dealing in books priced at less than a dollar has been established by a large department store of San Francisco, and a separate store of the same nature has opened in Minneapolis. This suggests that we may shortly see chain bookstores with a W. T. Grant appeal: "BOOKS—5c to $1." The five-cent items will be produced by Mr. Haldeman-Julius. The ten-cent field is already being cultivated for the Woolworth trade and may be engaged in extensively by an English firm.

Now this marketing problem brings me to my final point: What is the social significance of this interest in cheap but "good" books? I believe that it is simply another phase of the general movement that has flourished in the last ten years to bring knowledge to the masses. Just as science has been popularized, so good fiction and biography and other sorts of literature will be popularized by cheap editions. Cheaper books are going to thrive on the curiosity of a new reading public. This presupposes, since the quality of the new series is reasonably high, what I think may be taken for granted: that for the moment there is surprisingly little stratification of taste in America, and that the cheap reprints will be another step in breaking down the old stratification. But I am equally sure that the movement will not eliminate books cheap in content as well as price, and that in a few years the reading public will sort itself out again on a basis, not of social position, but of intellectual acumen. Of course such a differentiation exists today, but it is significant that a book like "Bad Girl" was selected by the Literary Guild and that the author's short-story market was *Liberty* and the *Daily News.* This points to an intolerable confusion of literary values. George Dorsey, to give one more example, one day writes a book of popular science that is "an education" to Sinclair Lewis and the next becomes a wise-man for the readers of the *American Magazine.* Such confusion is perhaps typical of democratic society, and cheap reprints of "good" books are commercial possibilities while the confusion exists.

Bent Toward Mountains

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

The feather-edge of loneliness
shadows the forehead
bent toward mountains. . . .

We have cinched the bellies of our horses
breathless with the twining blood;
we have warmed our fingers
at the flesh of sorrel horses.

But the odor of strange pines
is between us.

Pines are dark fire
that will not break to flame;
paths of their tawny ashes
smother these slopes
and quench our feet with quiet.

The feather-edge of loneliness
shadows the forehead
bent toward mountains.

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Life's Delicate Children

By JAMES RORTY

FORD is now making 8,000 cars a day and Chevrolet 6,000. But the curve of growth in the automotive industry is beginning to straighten out. Roger Babson is of the opinion that unless we can soon begin to sell each other flivver airplanes at a furious rate, American prosperity is in danger. Steel will drop. Car loadings will fall off. And the worst thing about this sort of banderlogian economics is that it is more or less true. The American slogans, "speed up production," "educate new markets," and "break down sales resistance," all spring from a sound instinct of self-preservation. Indeed, it would seem that from now until eternity our price civilization must continue devoutly to chase its own tail or else—perish.

Truly a curious kind of squirrel cage for poets to live in. This article is about poets, by the way—the prefatory paragraph is merely background. It is about poets and poetry magazines: life's delicate children; the inglorious Miltons of the provinces who cannot quite bear to be wholly mute; small-town Sapphos singing to each other in the pages of little pink and blue pamphlets, like wax-wings preening themselves and murmuring back and forth in the branches of a cherry tree; good little bourgeois with soft spots, one might say, if one wished to be unkind.

The editor asked me to read some fifteen specimen issues chosen at random as a rough cross-section of America's current crop of poetry magazines. I read them—all of them. Two of them—*Poetry* and *Palms*—deserve separate discussion. The others are neither better nor worse than one might have expected. Yet somewhat to my surprise I find that I am cordially *for* them; for the poets as human beings, if not as poets, and for the poetry magazines as the instruments of their attempts at articulateness. What, all of them? Yes, I think so. Even the four-page folder entitled *If—and When,* published by the English Study Class of the Art and Literature Department of the Chicago Women's Club. Even the one whose editor introduces a new contributor as "a Seattle girl with deep and beautiful eyes and a charming modesty."

I am for the poets as poets when they seem to be such, and occasionally they do. I am for them as human beings even when they write deplorable nonsense, and I applaud the implacable courage and energy which wrote it and got it into print. Even the least of these is an individual—the very impulse to write proves it. And of such a culture is made, however long it may be in the making. Also I am for the magazines. First, because they carry no advertising. Second, because they have small circulations. Third, because nobody is making any money out of them. Fourth, because each of them is, in its small way, a glorious waste of money, a perfect tribute to Uselessness, flowering in the desert of the maddest and most utile civilization that ever tried the patience of the Thunderer.

Think what these deluded people might be doing with all the money they spend in subsidizing these preposterous publications. They might invest it in radio stock. They might boil up a new face cream and worry shopgirls into striving for "the skin you love to touch." They might launch a new cigarette—no, that requires at least a three million-dollar ante. They might even do something useful like inventing a new gadget for the radio. Instead, they spend it on themselves—on their deepest selves, their most personal vanity. They had rather live, they had rather *be* than be successful.

Art for art's sake? But comparatively little of it is art. No, it is something simpler and more elemental than that. It is the will-to-live. How strange! How moving a vindication of the ultimate recalcitrancy of the human spirit! This will survive after the squirrel cage has stopped spinning. This will be left as the primordial nucleus of desire to which the mechanisms of life must somehow relate themselves.

So much for a blanket indorsement, expressed to some degree, perhaps, as a protest against the provincial snobbism of New York, which knows better than to commit the gaucheries that crowd the pages of some of these little magazines, but which swallows whole the more fundamental vulgarity of such publications as the *New Yorker;* a protest, too, against the disposition of more or less "arrived" artists to quail at the crudities of provincial aspirants and neophytes without recognizing the validity and worth of the virile human phenomenon which they represent.

The strictly artistic value of these publications is, of course, another matter. One searches through them almost in vain for new voices; for the inimitable stigmata of attitude and style which betoken the artist, even the emerging artist. One finds instead a good deal of competence, coupled with a good deal of derivation; occasional technical distinction; now and then evidence of personal experience deeply felt and honestly thought through. Almost never does one find anything apocalyptic or powerfully affirmative; for example one finds no one remarking that our civilization doesn't really have to go on chasing its own tail; that its present phase must and should perish. Even the poetry of protest is infrequent. The best of this sort is that of Herman Spector, who seems to be among the more talented of the recent *New Masses* crop.

Two general observations are perhaps worth recording: first, that the average of artistic accomplishment is likely to be higher in those magazines which include prose fiction, articles, and criticism as well as poetry. It has always seemed to me that the art of writing is enfeebled by sharp separation into arbitrary categories. Poetry and prose nourish each other. And from the point of view of the magazine editor, the attack upon the material may well spring from every vantage point and utilize every medium. The *Frontier,* published at the University of Montana, is a good example of the increased vitality resulting from this broader editorial policy. It contains poetry, fiction, drawings, criticism, anthropological and historical documents. All of the poetry is passable and some of it is genuinely distinguished. This is almost equally true of the fiction and criticism, while some of the historical documents are exceptionally interesting and valuable. Mr. Harold G. Merriam, the editor, has found an important task, and is doing it with intelligence and taste. His contributors—the list includes such names as James Stevens, Edwin Ford Piper, and Gwendolyn Haste—seem genuinely talented, unsentimental, and able. I hope they stay West and build the kind of culture they are entitled to. My sympathies are so strongly engaged that I hereby urge everybody living west of the Mississippi to make a bonfire of the

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Saturday Evening Post, the *Cosmopolitan,* and other well-known magazine "properties" and subscribe to the *Frontier.* On second thought that goes for people living east of the Mississippi too—until such time as they develop energy enough to launch equally honest and able sectional magazines for themselves.

South Carolina, of course, has done this, after its own somewhat more precious fashion, through the publications of the Poetry Society of South Carolina. These two magazines serve to illustrate my second general point which is that the sectional idea is sound. The frailest of the little magazines I surveyed are not sectional, but draw their contributors from every State in the Union. The strongest are those which are rooted in the traditions and mores of a more or less integral geographic and cultural area. America is by no means so idiotic as a survey of the magazine-publishing activities centering in New York would lead one to suppose. Our national self-respect will benefit measurably when, State by State or section by section, these emerging cultural groups organize, secede—and conquer.

What of New York? For the metropolis, too, is a province of America. Perhaps my specimens are not representative, but such evidence as they yield would indicate that the muse of the metropolis suffers from a number of handicaps: too much going on; too many speakeasies; too much ideological static, both communistic and aesthetic; too much competition from the established high-brow publications which pay money for contributions. The specimens are *Blues,* a potpourri of badly dated modernistic attitudes and techniques with an underlying arrivist psychology; the *Arch,* published by the Washington Square College of New York University, which is highly creditable without being exciting; and finally, *Salient,* published by the students of the New School of Social Research. *Salient* is keen, contentious, and interesting, especially the critical writings of John Riordan, the editor.

Turning to the Far West, one finds the *Muse and Mirror,* published triennially in Seattle, to be a rather typical collection of placeless and dateless versifying—this in spite of the fact that the subtitle is A Poetry Magazine of the Northwest. Ethel Romig Fuller and Howard McKinley Corning seem to be serving the Muse—and the Mirror—more intelligently than the others.

Palo Verde, published at Petrified Forest, Arizona, is more of the same—with the editor contributing an excited front page some of which is worth quoting: "Santa Fe is not heaven and no gods live in Taos. It is fashionable to be a poetic ninny, but outside sexuality, why Santa Fe? I consider that life has more to offer than animalism. Outposts of aristocratic immaculate conceptionism receive no support of mine . . ."

The University of California *Chronicle* is full of what appear to be classroom exercises in poetry and prose. All the poetry is dull; so are most of the articles. Some of the criticism, however, is rather good.

The *Gypsy,* published in Cincinnati, lists contributors from Scotland, Honolulu, and Montclair. The Scot mentions the dawn; the Honolulu poet speaks of the bougainvilleia. Montclair? I forget.

Down South, Mr. Ernest Hartsock, of Atlanta, Georgia, is publishing a bi-monthly poetry review called *Bozart;* and again the cover page gives the editor a chance to shout—something about Armistice Day and the "humorously entitled Christian Nations." The verse is fair to bad—mostly the latter.

Poetry—a Magazine of Verse is what it has been these many years—a godsend to young poets who are startled by receiving $15 for a couple of sonnets. So far as I know it is the only all-poetry magazine which pays for contributions, although many of the others offer prizes, notably *Palms.* A singular and commendable devotion has characterized the labors of Miss Monroe and her assistants, and a considerable degree of taste. Almost every month *Poetry* succeeds in gathering in at least one poem of quality; in the February issue it is "Lazarus Silverloom" by Herbert Gerhard Bruncken.

The October issue of *Palms* contains a group of poems by Hildegarde Flanner which should rank her as one of the most interesting women poets of America. The somewhat precious mysticism of her earlier work has given way to a maturity which is perhaps less exquisite, but which seems both more intense and more authentic. *Palms,* edited in Guadalajara, Mexico, by Idella Purnell, assisted by Witter Bynner and others of the Santa Fe group, does fully as well as *Poetry* in its choice of material. And it will shortly award a prize of $1,000 for a single poem!

Hamlet for Our Time

By LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

AMONG the people in our country who care enough for poetry to quarrel violently about it, a few are upset by Mr. Archibald MacLeish. It is not that they contest his undeniable talent; but they reject what they might call the authenticity of his aesthetic emotion. They say he "writes too much like Eliot" (or perhaps too little; it is sometimes hard to know which they mean), and that he has "read too many modern French poets." What they dislike about Mr. MacLeish is, at bottom, merely that he is extremely sensitive to his time and its perturbations. I do not mean by this that he is transfixed by the beauty of the blast furnace, or entranced by the folk-lore inherent in the county fair: these are exultations which he properly leaves to such successful regionalists as Lindsay, Sandburg, et al. Rather is he stirred by the vast upheavals of our world, and the spiritual disquietude of what a clever, excitable Welshman has called Western Man. The investigations of Freud, the new anthropology, the questionings of physical science are to Mr. MacLeish what—*toutes proportions gardées*—Montaigne was to Shakespeare, or what the discoverers were to Donne when he cried ecstatically to his mistress, "O my America, my new-found-land!" Rimbaud, Pound, Eliot, St. J. Perse—these are his Marlowe and his Lily, his Shakespeare and his Webster. In sensibility and craftsmanship he is as closely related to them as Chapman, say, was to the divers Elizabethans I have named. And because they sense this fact without perceiving this (or a like) analogy, Mr. MacLeish's otherwise generous and perspicacious contemporaries shut their eyes peevishly to his considerable merits. Granted that his ear is at times oversensitive and his reproduction of other poets' mannerisms

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occasionally over-faithful; granted also that this may have led him into certain lapses of judgment and of taste: cannot the same sort of thing be said of the frequenters of the Mermaid, the metaphysical poets, the French Pleiad?

It is to be hoped that the beauties of the present poem will suffice to dissipate this wilful querulousness and establish Mr. MacLeish where he belongs—in the front rank of our living poets. His new "Hamlet"* is highly ingenious in construction, nearly impeccable in versification, and deeply moving in emotional intensity. From Shakespeare Mr. MacLeish has borrowed a succession of frames, rather than scenes, into which he has fitted pictures of his own modern sensibility. To attempt to review such a poem without introducing extensive quotation is plainly futile, and for quotation there is unfortunately little space here. However, the fluidity and eloquence of Mr. MacLeish's blank verse may be divined in the cunning distribution of participles in this fragment on the sun, who

> . . . comes
> Swelling among us with large light, with the
> Browsing of bees about him with flattering
> Tree sound;

or it can be seen in the account of the first apparition, told in a sort of Anglo-Saxon syntax, drenched with rain, fearful in darkness, while

> . . . the wind
> Swings from tree to tree in the wet night.

Nor can the variations of mood be communicated except by example, so intimately are form and sense wedded, so much does the cadence of the phrase partake of the emotion of the protagonist. This, in the soliloquy:

> . . . O be still, be still,
> Be dumb, be silent only. Seal your mouth.
> Take place upon this edge of shadows where
> The stale scene's acted to the empty skies.

Or this *sostenuto* passage, in which the length of the breath is itself a kind of somber yearning for peace:

> at dawn, at Teheran, I have heard from the ancient
> Westward greying face of the wandering planet
> The voices calling the small new name of god . . .

The lines have a different swing in the harsh, venomous injuries poured out upon the Queen. They are loose-knit, tender, and distracted when spoken by the crazed Ophelia. In the protest to Laertes the words are sharp, monosyllabic, hard; the lines are brutally swift:

> By God, I'll match them at it. I'll be stripped
> Naked as eels are, gutted, laid on salt,
> Sold in the fish stalls. I'll be ox-chine nude,
> Quartered to the cold bare bone . . .

And when this scene of violence is ended, there is a mingling of lassitude and high resignation in the poet's acceptance of his charge:

> We must consent now as all men
> Whose rage is out of them must do . . .
> Why should we want revenge of harms
> Not suffered in the public street,
> Or risk with sharp and hurting arms
> The real encounter kept at night
> Alone where none will praise our art?

For a moment one asks oneself if it was necessary to follow so closely the Shakespearean curve in order to give voice to this conclusion. The truth is that grand thoughts must wear the grand manner; we have, in this vulgarized and mechanized age, no idiom of our own suited to their expression.

It is perhaps the chief merit of this poem that often its lines do not need to be understood in order that their emotional content be apprehended, so admirably does the sound suggest the sense. Properly read, it has a tragic tone and a dramatic intensity which appear only too rarely in contemporary poetry. "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish" is frequently fiercely subjective and therefore romantic; but from time to time, at the close particularly, it broadens into universal utterance, becomes in a way selfless, classical in its dignified acceptance of the burden laid upon man by life. That there are flaws in the poem I should not deny: here and there ill-chosen words, now and then a too facile line. But the conception of the poem is lofty, the design pure, the accent moving and true, the vocabulary rich and poetical. It will betray nobody's taste as false to affirm Mr. MacLeish a poet of true distinction, and, incidentally, the finest craftsman in verse now writing in English.

* The Hamlet of A. MacLeish. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

Dancers of Germany

By RUTH PICKERING

WHAT is probably the only truly national new dance exists today in Germany. It is national because, though there are various conflicting ideas among the leaders, the basic dance forms are characteristic, and can be recognized by the outsider as of German origin. It is new both actually and chronologically, because its technique differs fundamentally from the ballet, on which every national dance except folk-dancing has previously been based, and because it has sprung into being since the war. To say that it is national is by no means to say that it is folk-dancing. It is not spontaneously generated out of group accord; it has been created out of the minds of the few. But enthusiasm for and discussion about the dance run high in all towns of any size in Germany.

America has tasted its peculiar flavor in the several recitals given from January to March by Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi. Articles in various magazines have also described the work of exponents in the dance congress at Essen last June. Two American dancers—Tamiris and Sara Mildred Strauss—have returned from Germany, the former critical of its influence and determined that our dancers shall fight shy of it, the latter ready to adopt its teaching in this country.

How did it come about—this profound interest in an art which heretofore has had no life in Germany; and what are its peculiar characteristics?

After the war great enthusiasm was manifested in physical strength and in body-culture for both men and women; for the first time as much for the latter as for the former. Whether this had as its basis a desire to develop fine soldiers to fight later battles, or fine citizens to take the places of soldiers lost in the late war, I don't know—probably

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the latter, because the physical cults were of the young. After a while the regimented military influence was partially abandoned, and the earnest physical culturists began to play a little. There are still traces in their dancing of the formality of pompous militarism, but as they tended toward rhythm they tended also toward play and away from grim work, away even from the strictly utilitarian aim of producing healthy bodies. In some such way the dance of modern Germany came into being.

Since the ballet—or in fact any dance—had never had any real hold on the Germans, and since natural bodily health was the original inspiration to dance, and since moreover all things traditional were cast to the winds after the war, inevitably a new technique was found, nor was the ballet tolerated at all. But whereas in other countries—in Russia and in America, for instance—the scattered revolution against the ballet resulted in no new system, the Germans with characteristic thoroughness have built upon a new set of fundamentals, and Rudolph von Laban is perfecting a written symbolism of choreography so that dances can be read as music is read. Obviously this necessitates a knowledge of bodily positions in space according to an agreed formula.

Perhaps it is interesting to note what is lost or gained in the new dance as compared with the ballet by this difference in basic formula. The ballet has five positions of the feet and legs out of which its forms are evolved, plus a simple series of arm extensions; the German dance has six prime positions which include the whole body. The five ballet positions are designed to turn the knee and hip outward, which are absolute essentials for balance on the toes, for the classic *attitude* and *arabesque,* and particularly for the *pirouette.* But what horrifies the naturalist is that by turning the foot, knee, and hip outward, the back must be hollowed and the torso held more or less rigid, whereas in the new technique the main emphasis is on flexibility of the torso. The classic training, besides being contrary to the Alexander and Mensendieck theories of correct posture, stultifies free body movement in the new dancers' view.

Of the two German dancers lately in this country, Mr. Kreutzberg has had both ballet and the German or Wigman training; Miss Georgi, training only in the Wigman school. The two techniques—aside from their inspiration or art—could therefore be easily compared and contrasted. Miss Georgi was strong but heavy, full of energy and power and suppleness but never airy and light; she had a kind of stridency rather than grace. Her vitality resulted in dramatics, on the whole, rather than in design. But the full reach and movement of the whole body was achieved. Her pirouettes—which are difficult to exclude altogether from the dance—were awkward and slow, and elevation, the ability to leap and soar, seemed impossible for her. The new dance ranges closely along the earth, not, as the ballet did at its best, in the air.

What Mr. Kreutzberg lacked in dynamics and strength was supplemented by his lightness, balance, smooth spinning turns, and his ability to fly. Each time in their Russian dance that Mr. Kreutzberg leaped magnificently from behind the wings onto the stage, the audience instantaneously applauded and cried out. It *is* a trick, to be sure, but what release such leaping gives us from the bondage of earth and gravity! It would be a pity to see that ability fail for all the realism and the higher symbolism in the modern world.

If, however, there appears more of the classic in Mr. Kreutzberg's dancing than of the "pure" German, as in Miss Georgi's, that is true only of his virtuosity. His temperament and ideas are of the German school. Once the body training has been undergone, it is temperament and ideas that begin to create dancing. And since the dance is assuming significant importance in post-war Germany, it is through the dance, better perhaps than in its other art, that we can see the German national spirit.

This spirit is modern, in that it is slightly skeptical, more intellectual than emotional, admitting both beauty and ugliness in its embrace, but tending to hug the latter more often, wishing probably to believe that ugliness in life can be surmounted by making art of it. Its use of ugliness, however, turns not so much to the grotesque, which might be laughing it off completely, but to the macabre, which leaves a bit of the fear of ugliness still clinging to the art manifestation—as in Miss Georgi's Dance of Devil to music by Wilckens and in the Three Mad Figures of Mr. Kreutzberg. It is mechanistic, in that its designs are angular, a series sometimes of postures in staccato, often rather static and without flow. This was particularly true of the idyllic compositions, where one would least expect it, such as the Persian Song to the music of Satie, and the Romantic Dance Scenes to Debussy's music. Even in the lyrical dances, that elan of Bergson, which was the continuity of Isadora Duncan's emphasis, was gone altogether in spite of the fact that it was Isadora, almost as much as the physical culturists, who dropped the seed that started this wild German dance ferment. Isadora would repudiate, of course, this exotic intellectualism of the modern Germans, yet she had her share in its beginnings. What she longed for was a dance that came wholly from within, lyrical and subjective, and beautiful beyond all else. What she has helped to bring about is a coldly intellectual thing, devoid of spontaneity, seldom in love with the beautiful. Yet it is something important, dynamic, and alive, and the dance recitals by Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi were the best I have seen this season.

Final Autumn

By EDA LOU WALTON

Oh no, never the search again!
Be certain now. Lean not toward the inscrutable face,
nor the dark eyes.
These very skies hold quiet like a place;
the maple has burnt down
into a single line made manifold
and cold is not yet come.
The world is yours, at last, heart;
take it now and be done
with the quick-beating hurt. A cooling sun
need not be covered over with a cloud.
O lift your humbled brow and turn it proud
toward brightest heaven
till this darken more
and snow shuts down the silence
like a door.

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This Week

Books of the Month

SELLING books is rapidly becoming a business similar to that of selling washing-machines or motor cars; it is in the very process of being "rationalized." Not that the mass production and distribution of books in the United States is a new thing. On the contrary, from the early days of the dime novel and the sale of standard books and "sets" through mail-order houses and traveling agents, the methods of high—or low—pressure salesmanship have been employed; but on a modest scale and in rather humble spheres. It is a development of much more recent days that good new books, the better products of contemporary literature, should be spread by the hundreds of thousands through areas of the population which have largely been cut off from this sort of reading. The most conspicuous agencies through which this change has come about are the rapidly growing, increasingly powerful book "clubs"—such as the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club—and the numerous and impressive "libraries" and series of books at low prices, many of them emphasizing new or recent books in their lists of titles. The book clubs were discussed in some detail by Leon Whipple in the Midwinter Book Number of *The Nation;* the effect of the low-priced series is the subject of an article by C. Hartley Grattan on another page of this issue. Taken together, the clubs and the series are revealing symptoms of a new attitude toward books.

From the point of view of the publisher and the distributor books are primarily merchandise, and it would be gross hypocrisy if either were to pretend for a moment that they were primarily art, or uplift, or a vehicle of expression; or that the culture of the masses was his first concern. Of course no one with a fragment of understanding would assert that the manufacturer or seller of books is deprived by the commercial necessities of his business of these more imponderable satisfactions as well. A book beautifully made and finely written must be a thing of joy to any honest publisher; just as an exact mechanism is to a manufacturer of good cars or washing-machines. A delight in fine performance is common to all of us; and it can never be proved that the publisher who creates, for a dollar a volume, a handsome series of good books does not find satisfactions beyond his profits. Or that, when he prints important books which he knows will make no profit, he is animated only by a desire for "prestige." Motives are mixed—in the makers of books as in gangsters and prime ministers and editors.

These obvious words having been set down, I want to say that the moral pretensions of publishers and distributors make me tired. I refer specifically to the controversy—still in progress—between Mr. John McCrae of E. P. Dutton and Company and Mr. Harry Scherman of the Book-of-the-Month Club. My quarrel is first—and chiefly—with Mr. Scherman. When *The Nation* printed Mr. Whipple's article on the book clubs, Mr. Scherman wrote a letter of protest which appeared in our issue of March 20. He corrected certain errors and challenged the assertion of the writer that book-club editors have insisted on contracts enforcing their choices on the clubs. But chiefly he repudiated Mr. Whipple's suggestion that the selections of the book clubs must almost certainly be dictated or influenced by the presumptive tastes of their rapidly growing memberships. Mr. Whipple's suspicions, however, were amusingly confirmed within a very few weeks. The Book-of-the-Month Club chose as its next book Joan Lowell's "The Cradle of the Deep," a surprising record of the experiences of a girl who said she had passed the first seventeen years of her life on a sailing vessel of which her father was captain. No one has claimed that the book is important as a piece of writing; its interest is in its tales of sharks and whales, its racy language, and, more particularly, in the fact that its author—and heroine—is a young woman.

There is no doubt of the popularity of this story—it is today the country's "best seller" among non-fiction books. From the point of view of human interest it is certainly "outstanding." The question is on what basis are books selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club? Mr. McCrae has asked this question publicly with great insistence—and with a frank acknowledgment that his passionate interest is due to the fact that the club had rejected a recent publication of his own, "The Pathway," by Henry Williamson, though the editors included this novel in a recommended list submitted to subscribers. Mr. McCrae believes that "The Pathway" is an important and beautiful book and insists that the public is being "led by the nose" by the clubs, which make a spurious claim of infallibility in the choice of "best" books. He questions in great detail the methods of selection employed and particularly the financial relations of the Book-of-the-Month Club with its editorial board and with the publishers.

His charges have been taken up in similar detail by Mr. Harry Scherman of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Mr. Scherman has, it seems to me, disposed successfully of all except the original question itself—the only one, however, which has the least importance for those of us who neither publish nor sell but merely read books. Mr. Scherman admits that the Book-of-the-Month Club's judges do not attempt to choose the "best book" each month, but rather "the most readable, or most important work, or one outstanding for any reason—one . . . which 'must appeal to the reading public as a whole.'"

I have emerged from a study of this controversy with some fairly strong convictions of my own. In the first place, Mr. Whipple's main doubts, as voiced in *The Nation,* are amply confirmed. The book clubs drum up members by the technique which cosmetic makers employ to sell cold cream. "Snob advertising" and modern methods of moral—or immoral—suasion are used to induce the multitudes ambitious for culture into the book clubs. Within the limits imposed by this large reading public—the limits growing narrower as the public increases—the editors of the clubs select the better books of the publishing season, giving due regard to variety and other practical considerations. In the second place, the publishers, including Mr. McCrae, are only too glad to insure the sale of fifty or a hundred thousand books even at a large discount. What effect this system may have on the other books of the month is a question that cannot yet be answered. I imagine that the mass sale of a few books helps the general sale of all books; this would seem to be the lesson of modern merchandising. I cannot believe that the latest volume of Proust will be bought less widely

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because Joan Lowell's thriller is proclaimed the "book of the month." Nor do I fear the extinction of independent literary judgment in the public at large—menacingly forecast by Mr. McCrae. What judgment exists will probably survive and those persons who prefer to select their reading without benefit of any of our literary clergy will continue to drop in at the nearest bookstore.

I see no reason to object either to the methods or the results of current methods of book merchandising. The thing I do object to is the sanctimonious matching of morals by publishers and book-clubmen. One makes books to sell; the other sells books. Undoubtedly the publisher issues excellent books which deserve, but fail, to sell many copies; undoubtedly the clubs slight first-class books of limited popularity in favor of second-class books of wide appeal. But Mr. McCrae also publishes trash; and the Book-of-the-Month Club editors choose the best books which they believe stand a chance of popular success. Pretensions on either side are tiresome and fruitless, though perhaps they, too, are a part of the technique of modern merchandising.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Books

Made in Heaven

What Is Wrong with Marriage? By G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan: Albert and Charles Boni. $3.
A Research in Marriage. By G. V. Hamilton. Albert and Charles Boni. $10.

TO each member of a group of one hundred married men and one hundred married women Dr. Hamilton asked a series of nearly four hundred questions. When the eighty-thousand responses had been tabulated they were subjected to the most patient and ingenious analysis and the results were published in the two volumes here noticed—the first being intended for the general public and the second for the specialist. No similar collection of facts has ever been gathered before, and indeed, in view of the extremely intimate nature of some of the questions asked, it is doubtful whether it could have been obtained at any other time.

A certain caution must, as the authors fully realize, be used in drawing conclusions from the facts which they present. In the first place the number of subjects is not large enough to furnish wholly satisfactory results from the standpoint of the statistician and in the second place the group is not even intended to represent a cross-section of the public. Since it is composed of individuals so selected as to form, not a random group, but a diversified body of at least moderately intelligent and at least moderately prosperous persons it cannot pretend to represent the conditions and manners of more than a certain section of the public and the averages struck bear no known relation to those which prevail among the population at large. But though these facts must constantly be borne in mind the two volumes remain superlatively interesting as studies of the behavior of a group and more illuminating than anything of the sort which has ever appeared.

Optimists will be shocked to learn that out of two hundred only twenty-nine men and twenty-one women were classed as obviously happy in their married life while thirty-six men and forty-one women were definitely unhappy, the remainder being considered as in between, although, for the purpose of statistics which follow, only two classes (the first composed of fifty-one happy men and forty-five happy women) were recognized. The same optimists will be still further distressed to hear that a much larger percentage of those who had never been to college were successfully married than of those who had, and that while the possession of an income of more than $5,000 a year seemed to have little effect upon the marital condition of the men the number of happy wives was 18 per cent greater in the more prosperous group than it was in the less.

Those who believe that the present laws against birth control restrain the practice of it may ponder the fact that every one of the two hundred (except three sterile men and six barren women) had used contraceptives; and those who are sure that modern drama and fiction exaggerate the prevalence of various irregularities should note the following facts: (1) Almost a third of all the men and a third of all the women had had sexual relations with their spouses before marriage, and fourteen of the women had had similar relations with other men besides; (2) one-fourth of the women and a slightly larger percentage of the men had committed adultery after marriage; and (3) twenty-one of the women had had abortions. On the other hand, since forty-six of the men were virgins at marriage and only thirty-five of the women were not, the authors seem justified in remarking that "it looks on the surface as if the hundred men had been rather more chaste than the masculine tradition demands, and the hundred women a good deal less virtuous than women are commonly supposed to be."

So much for a very few of the facts recorded concerning the *behavior* of the group. What, now, can be deduced concerning the advisability of certain kinds of conduct and, more specifically, to what extent do the tabulations support the a priori contentions of conservatives and radicals? To this question it may be replied that the former can take a certain comfort from a few of the facts, particularly those which relate to financial arrangements, since 63 per cent of the women who were wholly dependent upon their husbands were happy while only 25 per cent of those who earned money were equally fortunate. Moreover only 29 per cent of the men and only 17 per cent of the women who committed adultery were happy, and the figures tend to show still further that the women who were virgins at marriage stood a much better chance of being happy in that state than those who were not, although, oddly enough, those who had surrendered their virginity to men other than their destined spouses seemed more fortunate in their married life than those who had simply indulged in a consummation preceding the ceremony.

But if the conservatives can take some comfort in these facts the radicals receive a triumphant justification of their contentions, first, that a satisfactory sexual life is extremely important in establishing a happy marriage, and, second, that the achievement of such a satisfactory relationship is made very difficult by the inexperience of the men and the ignorant or perverted attitude of the women. Please notice the following figures and after them the correlation established between them and certain other facts concerning the persons upon whose experience they are based. When asked to state what they found unsatisfactory in their marriage thirty women and thirty-nine men mentioned sex. Only fifty-four out of the hundred women ever achieved complete success in the sex act and twenty-four of the forty-six who did not were distinctly neurotic. When it is remembered that the vast majority of cases of frigidity in women appear to be psychological the pressing need for a rational sex education for girls seems as obvious as anything could well be, but even this conclusion is not likely to be resisted by as many people as will rebel against that which seems deducible from a further and astounding fact. In the group of fifty-five married couples found among the whole group of two hundred, 62 per cent of the wives of husbands who had

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had sexual relations with no one but them before marriage, and 59 per cent of those whose husbands were virgins at marriage, were incapable of completing the sex act while only 38 per cent of those whose husbands had been promiscuous were similarly unfortunate. It seems impossible to refrain from drawing a plain conclusion: Sexual frigidity is one of the most important causes of unhappy marriage and sexual frigidity is likely to be the lot of any woman so unfortunate as to marry a man who comes to her as a virgin. Add to this the fact that only three of the wives cited the alcoholism of their mates as a cause of dissatisfaction and it would appear that those who are anxious to "protect the home" might well lead a crusade far more important than that against the demon rum, though the churches would find themselves in an embarrassing position should they feel inclined to take the lead.

To me the whole assembly of facts (only a very few of which I have been able to cite) seems to prove conclusively enough that there is a good deal wrong with marriage and that it will bear a good many more investigations undertaken in the spirit of the present. Yet candor compels me to confess that not even statistical inquiries can produce conclusions entirely removed from the realm of opinion and to note that a conservative of the type of Chesterton would feel that he had disposed of Dr. Hamilton's study when he had said something like this: "The willingness of these two hundred persons to answer the questions addressed to them is prima facie evidence of the fact that they are without reticence or shame; and one may assume beforehand that if they lack those primary virtues their habits will be disgusting and their lives unhappy." I need hardly add that such a response seems absurd to me, but the fact that it is possible helps explain why it is that so many leaders of public opinion remain obdurate in the face of all the information which the student can gather.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Haldane

Richard Burdon Haldane (Viscount Haldane): An Autobiography. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

IN the British Cabinet that made the momentous decision for war with Germany there were five men of eminence who have all written in explanation and defense of themselves. Asquith went over his own part in the events of 1914-1918 with no more mental excitement than he displayed when describing his rise at the bar. Grey reviewed the record of the Foreign Office seven years after the war as though no European documents had been printed in the interval. Morley set down, for posthumous publication, his judgment of the colleagues from whom he detached himself in the critical moment, under the profound conviction that the Grey-Haldane policy produced a situation which ought never to have been allowed to arise. Winston Churchill, master of the purple, submerges his narrative, which is more candid than any, in a river of resounding nonsense that pours forth like an interminable oration. And Lord Haldane, the most important of them all judged by positive achievement, spent the evening of his days in composing an autobiography which may be likened, not unfairly, to that well-remembered voice of his, whose curious quality he notes and deplores—the voice of an undeveloped youth, emerging from a man of remarkable powers, surprisingly remote from the smaller creatures whose destiny he was to influence in an incalculable degree.

Readers of this book in every country outside England will go to it for light upon British policy and the course of European events after 1905, when Haldane took the War Office in the Liberal Cabinet formed by Campbell-Bannerman. Asquith, Grey, and Haldane had made a compact to stay out—a compact disregarded by Asquith when the new premier called him in. They looked upon Campbell-Bannerman as a mediocrity and an out-of-date Victorian, having no notion of his power in the country. They made a concerted move to get him transferred to the House of Lords, and, some time before the Balfour Government resigned, they took the very singular step of confiding their plans and hopes to King Edward. The story of this incident is told in detail by Haldane with the frankness that was so engaging a trait of our metaphysical statesman, and with an unconsciousness as to what his confession involves which to many readers must seem almost unrealizable.

Then follows the equally ingenuous story of Grey and Haldane in the Cabinet from 1906 to 1914, beginning with the Anglo-French military and naval conversations. Haldane at once began the remaking of the British army, basing his scheme upon the assumption that an emergency might arise on the continent compelling British military intervention. Until he arrived at the War Office, Douglas Haig wrote, no one knew for what purpose the British army existed. Haldane organized it for war; and when we remember the condition in which it had been left by a succession of Conservative war ministers we may well marvel at the fate which befell the man who accomplished the task, in consequence of the malignant enmity of the very crowd that had exploited the German menace. Haldane, of course, was shockingly treated, and not one of his colleagues uttered the word that, coming from the right quarter in the right note, would have blown the lies into the air. Even when it was all ended and the peace parade over, the victorious Commander-in-Chief, calling to pay his personal tribute, was advised to wait until the shades of night had fallen upon Queen Anne's gate, where "the greatest Secretary of State for War England ever had" was seated in his solitary study.

Haldane, as everybody now acknowledges, bore himself nobly. He was incapable of malice; at all times he could speak of his detractors in philosophic good temper. But it is not for their revelation of Haldane's attitude that these chapters are being studied: their value lies in the fact that they confirm and extend the disclosures of the published documents. Haldane notes, with his usual detachment, the outrageous demand of the French Government, seven years before the war, that Britain should put herself under the continental system of compulsory military service. He cites evidence to show that Morley in the Cabinet had been furnished with information as to British pledges of which, as Morley contended, he and the majority of his colleagues had been kept in ignorance. And at every stage, during the crucial years, he makes it plain that the governing group in the Asquith Government knew what Britain would do if the peace should be broken.

Haldane had a passion for the public service; he was extraordinarily disinterested; his energy and industry were astounding. The chronicle of his activities, maintained while pursuing the two exacting careers of politics and the law, is amazing. He found in work the secret of full happiness. He was the only British statesman of the time who believed in systematic training, social organization, and scientific administration; and he was hopeful enough to work for engrafting these things upon the English tradition. He joined the Labor Party mainly because he thought its best elements were devoted to the cause of education and freedom of the mind. He was a very distinguished and successful public man, and the history of the century will show him to have been very important for England. And yet how few are those who ten years hence will know his name! His was a wholly impersonal mind. He said nothing that any of us can remember. And he wrote of himself and his work like a schoolboy. I can recall no recent book by an eminent hand that contains so odd a superfluity of

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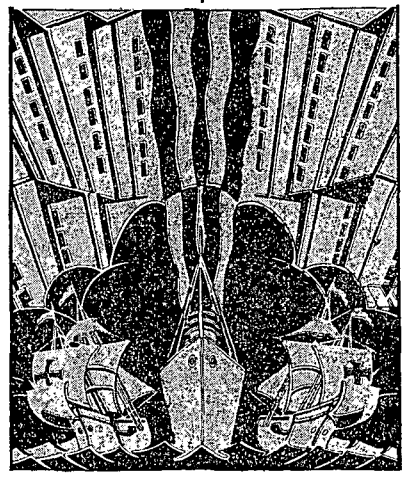

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"ones," of "buts," and of relatives. The publishers are guilty of one gorgeous blunder. On a page of photographs they have confused Haldane's honored master in philosophy, Lotze of Göttingen, with a famous English judge, in full-bottomed wig.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

The Sage of Sensibility

Plain People. By E. W. Howe. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

ED HOWE of Potato Hill, Atchison, Kansas, has generally been talked of as a sensible man, and indeed has made no other claim for himself during the fifty-odd years of his authorship. Boasting of innumerable limitations, he has settled very comfortably back on his common sense and defied the smart fellows of New York or London to take *that* distinction from him. And he is sensible, of course. Did not Mr. Mencken once edit a volume of his sayings under the title "Ventures in Common Sense," and has he not given joy for decades with his newspaper paragraphs—the best in the language today—on every subject under the stars, from love to business and from business to uplift? But let no one imagine that he has any of the hard shell which we are in the habit of associating with men who wear their sense on the surface. Let no one suppose him callous. There was his novel, "The Story of a Country Town," with quite as much romance in it as realism. And now here is his autobiography, wherein he reveals himself as a man with almost no skin on him at all, let alone shell. The chief impression I get from "Plain People" is that its author is *sensitive.*

Is it sensible of him, for instance, to allow music to move him as it does? At his first concert in Philadelphia years ago he found it difficult to keep his seat; "I did not know what I was doing half the time." What is the sense of that? And what is the sense of his caring so much about men's opinions of him that he has decided to be buried with certain excellent newspaper notices of him in his grave—"as evidence to my future judge, if I have one, that I lived among my fellow men with reasonable uprightness." "We all carry scars from childhood on our hearts as well as on our fingers and toes." What is this? Before we know it we shall be making out of Mr. Howe a wildly romantic figure, with regrets and deep hurts and dark repressions.

As a matter of fact that is the kind of figure he is. He makes ample confession in this book that "The Story of a Country Town" was autobiographical, and everywhere the man of feeling, to use an eighteenth-century phrase, looks out at us with disturbing gaze. It is the gaze of a person endowed with authentic passion, but it is the gaze too—and the voice—of a man who, tortured though he may be, will take care of that passion and hold it well within the bounds imposed by American life. He admits on some page that he is at heart a savage, and supposes, quite correctly I think, that all good men are equally savage inside. Concluding, however, that the outside matters more, he has developed a philosophy of prudence. The only difference is that under his prudence lies wildness in wait. His common sense has been so exciting because it has expressed a constant feeling of victory over something not sensible—something that slips out in his words about music or sex, or gleams through the biography here of his very remarkable and certainly repressed father.

"We are not free; it was never intended we should be. A book of rules is placed in our cradle, and we never get rid of it until we reach our graves. Then we are free, and only then." So runs a paragraph which Mr. Howe at the end of an old man's rather rambling reminiscences includes among several samples of the art which has made him famous. It gives the clew to all his work, implying as it does that freedom is an exceedingly interesting thing. The only thing more interesting is success—which for Mr. Howe means the good opinion of one's fellow men. He has felt the lash of disapproval, and calls it just that. He has also felt the warm sun of praise upon his back, and has liked it so much that he has sacrificed all of the wildness and some of the greatness within him in order to get its directest rays. No reader of this fascinating book will be so impertinent as to say that he chose wrong.

MARK VAN DOREN

Short Stories

Norway's Best Stories. Translations by Anders Orbeck. *Denmark's Best Stories.* Various Translators. *Sweden's Best Stories.* Translations by Charles Wharton Stork. All edited, with introductions, by Hanna Astrup Larsen and published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation and W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50 each.

Action and Other Stories. By C. E. Montague. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Bloody Ground: A Cycle of the Southern Hills. By Fiswoode Tarleton. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. $2.50.

THE selections which Hanna Astrup Larsen has made from the short-story literatures of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden are perhaps less interesting in themselves than as landmarks and guideposts. They fulfil admirably the function indicated by the editor: that of serving as introductions to the literatures they represent. Somehow, to the American reader, they seem to be lacking in style; were it not for obvious variations in theme, it would be difficult to tell one author from another. Even those writers who employ a distinctive prose in their novels, like Strindberg and Hamsun, reveal in their short stories no stylistic accent differentiating them from their fellow-countrymen. With this lack of interest in the niceties of prose-texture goes a corresponding neglect of the short-story as a unique and difficult form. The simple, heartfelt narrative, so effective in "Growth of the Soil" and in the best of Bojer, is too innocent and uncritical a medium for the short-story. Strictly speaking, the majority of these tales incline either to the short tract or to the episode; whereas the true short-story is always a thing of artifice and delicacy.

This artlessness is, perhaps, ascribable to the overwhelming dominance in late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Scandinavian writing of two trends. Except for a few quite unimportant humorous sketches, these stories seem written in response either to the dictum of Georg Brandes that "literature should take up problems for debate," or to the call for folk-writing, *Heimatdichtung.* In the first case, they tend too frequently to take on an over-serious, slightly mawkish tone of propaganda which is destructive of fine fictional effects. In the second case, the romantic localism, the apotheosis of the peasant reduces the tale to a primitive bareness which often does not possess even the virtue of unselfconsciousness. Nevertheless, as examples of the conflict and interaction of these two tendencies, the stories have a unique value, to a proper comprehension of which we are assisted by the intelligent introductions of the editor.

"It is not piercing wits that we want, to live well, but plain courage," says the late C. E. Montague in one of the stories which make up this posthumous collection. The sentence is typical of the man and of his work: it symbolizes his character, so straight and fine; his prose, so honest and clear; and his limitations—no less clear. C. E. Montague was essentially an ethical writer—and, for me, at any rate, the ethics

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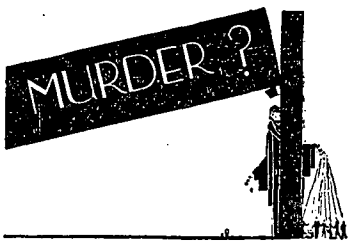

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interfere with my enjoyment of his work. Though in no way comparable as a craftsman to Kipling, he carried on the Kipling tradition—the tradition of cultured Toryism (and I am not forgetting here that Montague was, politically, a liberal). This particular tradition sums itself up in such frequently jeered-at phrases as "good cricket" and "play the game." Honor and duty and truth are the emotional bases of Montague's tales. This volume is permeated from cover to cover with that curious sentimentality, that brave "masculine restraint" which is often as annoying as it is admirable. I cannot, perhaps, express what I mean any better than by saying that, while reading "Action," I was so engrossed in applauding the moral character of the author that I had no time to enjoy his work.

"Bloody Ground" is the best book of short-stories I have read in several seasons. Mr. Tarleton has brought to life in fiction a new type, and almost a new race—Appalachian man. His people are feudists, filled with the "cold pride of the hills, where the word 'love' is seldom heard, where affection is stifled, where dignity's an unwritten code, and not even death draws a kiss." Out of these silent and sanguinary men and women he has evolved a dozen closely connected tales, grim and low-toned and powerful. Their single great quality is that of suspense, an ominous suspense created by a hundred touches of what at times seems almost genius. One can but stand in admiration before Mr. Tarleton's unfailing ability to employ exactly the same technique in each of his stories—and secure exactly the same crushing effect. If he has any fault, it is one almost inherent in his material—that of over-melodramatization which at times lends a cinema quality to his narratives. "Bloody Ground," with its unquestionable local authenticity, should be read as a wholesome antidote to Maristan Chapman's Little Lord Fauntleroy epic of the Tennessee mountains which last season upset the critical balance of a good many otherwise sensible reviewers.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

On Fiction

The English Novel. By Ford Madox Ford. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.

French Novelists. By Frederick C. Green. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

MR. FORD has written an enjoyable book: Mr. Green a very useful one. Mr. Ford does not pretend to match Mr. Green's scholarship, and Mr. Green is without Mr. Ford's sense of humor. Ford Madox Ford's disarming badinage temporarily enfeebles the reader's critical discretion. Professor Green's inquisitorial talent for unearthing recondite literary sources, his analytical acumen, will, unfortunately, limit his audience to students of the French novel whose major passions are confluent with his own.

In his monograph on "The English Novel" Mr. Ford is never dull, though he is occasionally ineffectual. He draws a pastiche of attractive inferences—more generic than specific—adding hardly anything to the already too expansive girth of literary criticism, but a great deal on the technical side of novel-writing. The novelist, this gentleman advises, must *render,* not tell; he must emulate the methods of Joseph Conrad, Henry James, Stephen Crane, and (the implication is there though the actual words are not) Ford Madox Ford.

An amusing and valid distinction is made between the English *nuvvle,* the three-deckers that established themselves in mid-Victorian years, "works written for the would-be gentry by the near-gentry," and the *novels* of Flaubert, Turgenev, and the *Yellow Book* era, when being an author was as fervently desired as being a gentleman. Ford Madox Ford neglects to mention that many of the flaccid, supercilious novels born of this sowing were written by men who were neither authors nor gentlemen, in the strictest sense.

Some of the author's pronouncements on the English novel are as ludicrous as they are clever. His obiter dictum on the Swan of Avon is pungent enough to make Samuel Johnson and Malone turn in their graves, and Messrs. Neilson and Thorndike wish they were in theirs. So often are his judgments the children of caprice or predilection, rather than of the closest scrutiny, that their value to the littérateur is negligible, and they only serve, if at all, as a pleasant recreation for a charmed circle of admirers.

Professor Green, of the Universities of Paris and Toronto, is never guilty of those sins. His is a serious business. Ably and deftly he marshals legions of proof to support his opinions. You will feel perfectly secure in accepting this professor's estimates. He knows every curve and wrinkle of the French novel from the Renaissance to the Revolution. Scrupulously and lucidly he outlines these two hundred years of novel writing from its inception in the "Astrée" of Honoré d'Urfé to Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloise," and Laclos's "Liaisons dangereuses." Mr. Green's style is pleasant and unacademic. He has done as well with a bulky subject as we can reasonably expect of anyone.

E. M. BENSON

Black Proletarians

Black America. By Scott Nearing. The Vanguard Press. $3.

IT was indeed strange that in all of the literary output occasioned by the new Negro renaissance—or was it renascence?—very little was said about the Negro on the economic front where his status has always been uncertain. If anything was said it was either a reiteration of the age-worn formula of racial emancipation via economic individualism, or a plea for industrial opportunity, or a report of one of those perennial social surveys. It was left to Scott Nearing to write "Black America," the first serious portrayal within the decade of the Negro worker in modern economic society.

"Black America," says Mr. Nearing, "is the source from which the white ruling class of the United States proposes to draw an important part of its mass labor power. Upon this labor the white rulers make two demands: (1) It must work cheap; (2) it must do what it is told. These demands mean low standards of living and the acceptance, by the blacks, of the social code prescribed by the whites." The economic thraldom has various manifestations. In the South, it takes the form of share-cropping, tenancy, depressed income, primitive housing, poor schools and no schools, and high mortality. In the Northern industrial centers into which many Negroes have escaped from Southern poverty and persecution, exploitation takes the form of wage discrimination, the confinement of Negro workers very largely to the less skilled and less remunerative jobs, trade-union exclusion, and high rentals in segregated residential districts. Yet the black masses, aside from sporadic outbursts of racial consciousness, have not developed mass protest. They are chief among the unorganized. Their educated leaders, with rare exception, are aesthetes, professional bourgeoisie, or middle-class business men who believe that escape from proletarian vicissitudes is through the establishment of competitive and profit-seeking business enterprise within the race. But black bourgeoisie no less than black proletariat exists on sufferance of white capitalism. Ownership of the country's basic industries, the control of its money capital, and the right to hire and fire are the white man's monopoly. Negro business enterprise is petty finance—small banks, real estate, and insurance. It has little direct relation to basic industry. And its capital accumulations, it should be noted, are the sav-

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gs of the black proletarians who are employed not by black it by white capitalists. The Negro business man, with important exceptions, is not a capitalist-entrepreneur but a sort glorified proletarian earning the wages of management.

These facts which Mr. Nearing produces to show the exoitation of the Negro masses are not a revelation. The files any well-managed Urban League office, or of the National ssociation for the Advancement of Colored People, are loaded ith such data. But facts in themselves tell no story. It is Ir. Nearing's conclusion that may be considered a contribution the subject. He says: "To be black in the United States to be proletarian," and to be used as an industrial reserve my in depressing wages and breaking strikes. The white orkers must awaken to the significance of this mass of cheap bor. They must free themselves of their assumptions of icial superiority and back the black workers' demand for a gher standard of living. The emancipation of the black asses can come only through trade unionism, the cooperative, id a political party that represents working-class interests.

As a wish this conclusion is quite logical. But what are s chances for fulfilment? What are the chances for develop- ig solidarity among white and black workers when the white orkers prefer the material rewards of welfare capitalism to ie idealism of class-conscious unionism, the *sine qua non* of a bor party; when the most dominant expression of American bor is still a hierarchy of skilled craftsmen who are guided their political behavior by opportunism and who make little ttempt to organize the white and black unskilled masses; and hen the Negro workers are willingly led by Republican and eligious politicians, the one actuated by innocuous racial senti- ientalism and pecuniary gain and the other by an other-worldly piritуality? Moreover, I am not so sure that the great masses f Negro workers have a proletarian psychology. In spite of ie fact that Negro business enterprise is precarious, Negro orkers are being converted by their more affluent brothers to ie belief that wealth acquisition is the only means of escape rom white exploitation. And the prevalence of bourgeois leology in Negro life will thwart the realization of Mr. Iearing's wish for some time to come.

The author's failure to wade into this culture complex nd subject its psychological growths to closer scrutiny leaves uch undone in the way of economic interpretation of a very nportant phenomenon in American life.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Two Women on the March

agabonding at Fifty, from Siberia to Turkestan. By Helen Calista Wilson and Elsie Reed Mitchell. Coward, McCann. $5.

AFTER eager perusal of this book I have come to the conclusion that, in spite of its charming, graphic, and detailed descriptions of places little frequented by travlers, the book will be of interest chiefly because two women of fty made the journey. A year ago, "Incredible Siberia" by unius B. Wood, famous foreign correspondent, was published. Ir. Wood also penetrated into the Altai Mountains in 1926, assing through Oolala to Biisk and relating his experiences umorously and entertainingly. He even stopped at some of he very villages where "Ereeda" (Mitchell) and "Elena" Wilson), protected by their small fox terrier, Ferghana, raved the fierce dogs and cows and sought hospitality. Mr. Vood is also fifty—but what of it? He is a mere man!

Besides, he had no fox terrier to give his story the delightul human appeal of "Vagabonding at Fifty." Without Fergana the book would surely lose half its charm. I think one

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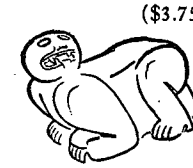

"This is not a hunting book; it is rather a book of things seen and heard—preferably things human. Mr. Russell has a merry eye and a light touch; may he journey often and as often pass the fun along. Leon Underwood, fellow traveler, contributes about one hundred drawings —a medley of flaming colors."—*New York Sun.*

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Introduction by Havelock Ellis

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of the high points in the narrative is the surprising news that "Ferghana was expecting puppies very soon . . . so for an afternoon we rested and enjoyed the luxury of a day off." And then "Ferghana really had her puppy—just one born dead. Running all day in the heat, swimming ice-cold mountain rivers, scrambling through bogs and climbing mountains, had not been the best thing for a prospective mother." The most humorous to me is that moment when the arrested vagabonds were brought into the "august presence" of the chief of the G. P. U. in Semipalitinsk and the little dog vomited on the floor. And the most tragic moment that when Ferghana is given to the woman with six children in Omsk. And Ferghana didn't like children! How could her mistresses be so cruel? True, they make it plain how impractical it was to keep the dog longer—but it seemed like casually abandoning a child. The authors let me down emotionally here, and I cannot soon forgive them.

These two feminists, who so skilfully conceal their feminism throughout the book, could not have done a better service to the cause than in writing this story. The drawing on the cover of Elena and Ereeda standing on the summit of a high peak seeming to proclaim to the world: "Look at us, everybody, we did it!" epitomizes their achievement. These women, not only on this particular journey, but through a lifetime of useful careers, have risen above the handicaps and traditions of their sex. They have proved (at least to their own satisfaction and mine) that women are quite the equals of men. They have proved further (although this is rank feminism) that women can get along nicely without men. They are perhaps the first women in history to dwell frankly on their lack of feminine charms and youth and to capitalize their middle age. And they modestly remind us at the close that their sex, advanced years, and lack of feminine attractions really were an advantage on the trip!

Like a fresh breeze from the mountain-tops they pierce the close, neurotic atmosphere of sex-mad America, where the cultivation of "sex appeal" and the pursuit and preservation of female youth and beauty appears to be the absorbing occupation of women. Frankly, humorously, and humanly they relate the adventures of two women who in the guise of poor workers started out from Kemerovo, Siberia, walked 350 miles, crossed the Altai Mountains on horseback, were arrested as they were preparing to go by caravan to Tashkent, and, forced by the authorities to take a long detour back to Omsk, Siberia, from there traveled five days in a terrible Maxim Gorki coach to Tashkent. Theodore Dreiser almost expired after half a night in a Maxim Gorki (see his "Dreiser Looks at Russia")—but he is a mere man! A day and a night in such a coach proved the limit of my endurance—but I'm not yet fifty!

RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL

A Great Lady

The Lost Art: Letters of Seven Famous Women. Edited by Dorothy Van Doren. Coward-McCann. $3.

TRULY, all is relative and, alone, no one of seven women appears the same when brought into relation with the other six. Dorothy Van Doren has done perhaps more than she intended when she set about editing the letters of seven famous women for inclusion in a single volume. We all know what we think of them singly—Lady Mary Montagu, Abigail Adams, Mary Wollstonecraft, Jane Austen, Jane Carlyle, Margaret Fuller, and Charlotte Brontë; each has her own particular preeminence. But together, represented thus by their intimate letters, they fall into strange places, and the preeminences fade, for one figure tops them all and surpasses each at her own game.

The letters of Lady Mary Montagu are given the mo space, and they deserve it. In practical, plain, ordinary con mon sense she outdoes the mother lioness of all the Adamse as "modern woman," Mary Wollstonecraft; as gossip, the cha tering little Jane Austen; at seeking after God, the restle Jane Carlyle; in the meaning of learning, Margaret Fulle and in real tragedy, the three Brontës rolled together. It refreshing to see how, in this company, one suddenly takes th lead, and how, and why. Of them all, she is the only one wh had developed a philosophy, not of life, but of living, ha wrested from experience a modicum of truth. In a day whe headaches and melancholia were the ashes of the fire of li passed on from one generation of women to another, sh wrote: "My cure for lowness of spirits is not drinking nast water, but galloping all day, and a moderate glass of chan pagne at night in good company, and I believe this regime closely followed, is one of the most wholesome that can b prescribed." "Exercise is as necessary as food," she wrot at a time when no lady "played at games," and in 1752 sh sent a doctor to the windward and continued to subsist on mil and soup and vegetables and nuts and chicken, and congratu lated herself on "that same sound uninterrupted sleep that ha continued through the course of my life and to which I at tribute the happiness of not yet knowing the headache." Her is a woman with a mind who, born in an age when wome with minds mostly perished of them, intelligently used it t organize her own personal inner life, so that, though it wa her "established opinion that this globe of ours is no bette than a Holland cheese, and the walkers about in it mites, possess my mind in patience, let what will happen; and shoul feel tolerably easy, though a great rat came and ate half o it up."

Jane Carlyle was "questing after God" most of her life but she was a sentimentalist; Lady Mary Montagu was no If Jane Carlyle had ever suffered a thousandth as much a she believed she suffered, the world would have witnessed th explosion of an atom, or one of Lady Mary's "mites." I was the custom of the Carlyles to speak deprecatingly of man but there is no particular evidence that conviction lay behin it; conviction, that is, of the insignificance of "thee and me." I think Lady Mary had a conviction that she too was but a "mite," and so knew at moments the reality of tragedy. Ther is more of the philosophy of the famous "woman question" packed into two letters of 1753, to her daughter the Countes of Bute, on the education of her granddaughter than Mar Wollstonecraft ever touched in her "A Vindication of th Rights of Woman," which was logic without philosophy. An more on the ends and values of learning than pedanti Margaret Fuller could ever appreciate.

I am not at all sure that Abigail Adams would have like Lady Mary Montagu, but I am sure that Lady Mary woul have liked Abigail and her letters, even one not here included where, speaking of the Parisian Sunday, Mrs. Adams ob served that "at home" we have nothing like it, "except Com mencement or Election Day." For Lady Mary liked to com pare manners and customs, and there is a whole world of in ference there on the thin, young American background, al ready begun to be submerged in law before customs had a chance to grow. Abigail Adams had a sturdy philosophy o life, if not of living, and her sincerity and good judgment an real information make her letters a delight.

But the rest make for involuntary revaluations. If we have really appreciated the tragedy of Lady Mary's convictio that this world is a puppet show, a Holland cheese, a purga tory, then the so-called tragedies of the others fade a little we see Mary Wollstonecraft as merely a woman rather be latedly in love, and have a certain sympathy for the man, how ever scoundrelly—but was he?—who must have read these

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letters. Jane Austen's little trivialities are more banal than ever—we shall never read them again. Over Jane Carlyle we linger with a new interest, seeing her not as highly tragic, but highly pitched. Margaret Fuller's letters need a fuller representation than is here given to make anything said of her a thing rightly said. But there are enough to show that naive grandiloquence which so affected Carlyle when he first met her. As for Charlotte Brontë, hers is a story so familiar that the fewer letters the better—and there are but few. But from these few, it is easy to see that she must be taken in the large—and her whole family with her—and the inexplicable interest of near a century of generations in the family at Haworth—to make her a tragic figure.

And of them all, Lady Mary Montagu, the one who had plunged deepest and faced for moments the real tragedy of life on earth, is the gayest and the lightest.

EDNA KENTON

Charleston Scores Again

Mamba's Daughters. By Du Bose Heyward. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IT is a dangerous thing to make a great success with an early book. Everyone stands hopefully around expecting the next to show a falling off of powers. But with every intention to be critical I thoroughly enjoyed "Mamba's Daughters." To begin with, it is a full-scale novel. It is one thing to describe picturesquely a train of violent action, or to expand a lyrical emotion. It is quite another to pursue the diverse fortunes of various characters through the complicated meshes of a highly organized society. This is so difficult a feat that few novelists even attempt it today. Mr. Heyward has carried it off with quite an air. Charleston and the black labor belt with its camps under the pine trees outside the city are both vivaciously created. It is of course much more difficult to put a locality or a society on the literary map for the first time than it is to keep it there. Many people succeed in writing quite beguilingly about Paris because Balzac and Hugo and Proust once wrote about it. And after Mr. Heyward many will see Charleston. The story which winds its way through the streets and lanes of the old town is as indigenous as its houses and trees. But the chief merit of this extremely able if uneven book is its creation of two characters—Mamba, a sly, intriguing, resourceful, indomitable waterside Negro who voluntarily subjects herself for years to the colorless existence of a house servant of influential white people in order to be able to help her granddaughter Lissa in a pinch, and her daughter Hagar, a vast, passionate, loving woman whose portrait seems to me quite as great a triumph as that of Mamba.

The fortunes of St. Julien Wentworth, only son of an aristocratic planter's family ruined by the Civil War, are as important intrinsically as those of Lissa. Like her he has a strong impulse toward self-expression in the arts. But whereas her family sacrificed everything to enable her to become a singer, his vague gropings are interpreted by his white associates as indications of good-for-nothingness. He is early saddled with the support of a mother and sister, and later with the desire to provide richly for a wife. Not until he settles obediently under this yoke, stifles his natural desires, and concentrates his mind on business, does white Charleston really approve of him.

These two stories, it is apparent, belong together for more reasons than because Mamba succeeds in getting the Wentworths to help her at critical moments of her career. I confess I find the chapters about the Mamba contingent more interesting than those about the Wentworths. Mamba's and

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Hagar's is a precarious life, hunted by poverty, white scoundrels, drink, and the impersonal police. Perhaps it is only our jazzy modern minds that find this more exciting than the restrained difficulties of the Wentworths. But I suspect rather that Mr. Heyward has been able to let himself go more freely with this material simply because it is at a safe remove from his personal life and emotions; and that with his white people he labors under the same difficulty that forces so many writers to touch their friendly models with tender hands, giving us emasculated and uninteresting versions of people about whom they know much more than they tell. Nothing prevents his telling all he knows about Hagar, and the result is an extraordinarily interesting person whose fate we follow eagerly.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

How Germany Failed

Von dem Eintritt Amerikas in den Weltkrieg. Deutsche Propaganda in den Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika 1914-1915. Von H. P. Falcke. Dresden: Carl Reissner.

THIS is one of the most important books of pre-war history which has appeared. It comes from the pen of Consul-General Falcke who was in charge of the German Consulate in New York in 1914-1915. Altogether he resided seven years there before returning to Berlin to enter the Foreign Office, from which he was promoted to a South American post, as minister, in 1920. What he has undertaken to do is to set forth the facts as to what occurred in the United States affecting the relations of this country and Germany prior to the war, with special reference to the efforts to propagandize us for the benefit of the German cause. He has done this with complete critical detachment, sparing no one, least of all Ambassador Bernstorff and his military and naval attachés, and explaining where possible the total failure of every means taken to win American public opinion for Germany, to prevent the delivery of supplies and munitions to the Allies, and to keep the United States out of the war. His aim is to let his countrymen know the truth as to the conduct of their representatives in the United States.

It is a truth to make every German reader hang his head with shame and give thanks that a government capable of such blindness and folly as this has been taken from the necks of the German people. Never was there, I believe, a more astounding record of incompetence and asininity, coupled with no little criminality. If there was any blunder which could not be committed in the United States, it was supplied by the Foreign Office in Berlin. When the war broke out the Germans had just as good a chance as the Allies to win American opinion to their side—barring always the entry into Belgium and the "scrap of paper" speech of von Bethmann-Hollweg. The masses of Germans in this country offered special opportunities for propaganda; yet the English won the race through superior understanding of American psychology and greater common sense and decency in their public attitude. By official documents—the book is remarkably documented, evidently with the idea that the author will have to defend himself against violent onslaughts—Herr Falcke shows that Ambassador von Bernstorff must have been cognizant of the crimes authorized and inspired by von Papen and Boy-Ed, although his defense was that these officers were not under his command, but reported direct to the military in Berlin. That Bernstorff loved the United States is beyond question; that he was sincerely desirous of doing the right thing and that he was horrified by the Lusitania disaster, is beyond doubt. It is a fact, too, that he was constantly outraged by the blundering orders of his superiors in Berlin who paid no attention to his judgment and

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understanding of what America's entry into the war would mean. A man of unusual sensibility or ability would have resigned; loyalty in war time kept Bernstorff at his post.

Not only was he inept in his own public utterances and conduct but he was compelled to witness the dreadful performances of Dr. Dernburg, Dr. Albert, and all the rest of the crew who were wished upon him by the various departments of his government. Their conduct was not only superlatively inept; it was childish beyond belief, smacking at once of the ridiculous, the contemptible, and the absurdly melodramatic, as when the Herr Geheimrat Albert fell asleep in an elevated train and had his portfolio of incriminating documents filched from him as he slept to be given to the public. All of this and much more Herr Falcke sets forth; and a damning array it is. It never occurred to any of these gentlemen that they needed the aid and counsel of simon-pure Americans; that their methods and psychology were utterly at fault; or that the first thing to do was to obey the laws of the land in which they were guests. Boy-Ed has admitted that he did the things charged against him, and defends them on the ground that all is excusable in war time. But pre-war German officials alone could have been stupid enough to play the part of criminals and to be caught at their crimes.

Had all the officials been as admirably correct and restrained in their conduct as Consul-General Falcke; had they kept silence, refused to mix in American affairs, and declined to countenance passport frauds, espionage, sabotage, the planting of dynamite in legitimate trading vessels, the attacks upon Canadian railways, etc.; had they appointed a distinguished committee of friendly Americans to get the actual facts of the German case before the American public, the United States might never have come into the conflict. Instead they created a public hostility which needed only the Lusitania incident and the renewal of the U-boat warfare to prepare the way for our entrance.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Artist in America

The Insider. By Alice Beal Parsons. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

MRS. PARSONS does not call her novel "What America Does to the Artist," but that in essence is her theme. Nor does she limit her milieu to the small town; New York, too, comes in for its share of stricture, for New York, too, is America, though many persons would like to deny it. Here, then, is a study of two artists, one a woman writer, lovely, gifted, sure; one a small-town business man, quite unaware of the fire within him and at the same time unable to say why his life returns him nothing for all his activity. These two persons are bound at the beginning of their lives by a brief love affair. Afterward they cannot quite forget each other, although for twenty years they do not meet. When they do, it is in Moira's drawing-room in Washington Square; she is a success; Alf is a failure. She has floated on top of the swift current that is America; he has been submerged by it. She, the writer acclaimed by thousands, is one with the captains of industry, the financiers, the men who have made good; Alf, once possessor of a fortune made by his own efforts, finds that what seemed necessary and proper to him when he was a boy—the making of money—has left him dry and futile. There should be something more to life, but he is unable to say what it is. This is a bare outline of Mrs. Parsons's book and does not do justice to its intricacy or its truth. For although "The Insider" is often uneven, sometimes heavy and involved, and in method not entirely satisfactory, it sets Americans a problem which they cannot afford to ignore.

D. V. D.

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British Tribunals

ustice and Administrative Law: A Study of the British Constitution. By William A. Robson. The Macmillan Company. 12/6.

THAT most parthenogenetic of reputable ladies, the British Constitution, is again in parturition and Mr. Robson enumerates no less than thirteen administrative tribunals which have been born within the last few ecades, and which must be treated seriously as courts. To hese must be added a host of domestic organizations, clubs, associations, federations which perform judicial functions and herefore create law. Mr. Robson does more than enumerate hem. He analyzes and interprets them and attempts an exposition of that judicial temper which on high authority it is heir first duty to maintain. If the growth of new tribunals as compelled us to consider the nature of judicial functions, hat is in itself one of the great advantages to be derived from hem. Mr. Robson's critical and sensible examination is welcome. By repeated investigations of this sort, we may be saved he graver errors involved in our inherited habit of denying levelopment until the result is full-grown and partially decayed.

MAX RADIN

New Shelburne Essays

The Demon of the Absolute. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

"I ADMIT my shortcomings, and am trying in the present volume to amend my ways." Now that is a generous admission on the part of a critic of such standing as Professor More's and, one might well think, received in an equally generous spirit, it must bring peace between the professor and the "younger" and "middle" generations who have hitherto viciously attacked his pedantic obscurantism. But one thinks in vain to see this great Hector in the weeds of peace. One is not even permitted so short a space of illusion as it takes to penetrate his philosophy before one is rudely awakened to the fact that Mr. More was only spoofing.

What he really means is that he has discovered the reason why he and his fellow-academicians have not been appreciated: they offered us "meat for men" whereas we came to them "desiring milk for babes." So now we are given milk but hardly for babes, since in it float these indissoluble, indigestible lumps, "humanism," "tradition," "eternal verities of the spirit," which, when swallowed whole, produce the colic absolute and the nightmares of contradiction.

Homer and the great writers who followed him, argues Professor More, have established a tradition of excellence, and hence the criteria of excellence, simply through the universal appeal of their works to many generations of men. But if you or I or Bernard Shaw or Elihu Root, the statesman and lover of detective stories, challenges the appeal of the illustrious dead, our claims are thrown out of court by the mere statement that we are not educated. For education is "above all, a discipline of the soul in the appreciation of pleasure and pain." And as if that does not beg the question sufficiently, Mr. More grandly sweeps away all logic with this statement:

> The spirit of indolence and conceit is the animating cause behind the bitterness of those who proclaim against standards. It is the indolence, moral in some [Anatole France is cited as an example], intellectual in others, that revolts from such discipline as would enable a man to judge between the higher and the lower pleasure; it is the conceit that makes

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him cling tenaciously to his naked temperament as a better guide than the voice of tradition. Standards there are, and all men judge by them; but there is a vast difference between the standards of education and those of a self-satisfied ignorance.

When Mr. More turns from the task of establishing abstractions as principles of criticism to consider the concrete even though befuddled theories of aesthetics now current, he recovers his poise and his logic. The absurdities in the postulates of Signor Croce, Señor Ortega, Professor Whitehead, and the poseurs who publish their literary excrescence in *transition* are clearly and directly disclosed. It is a great disappointment to turn from these few pages to his weak and willing judgments of contemporary American writers.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

Poster Art

The Poster Stamp. A. Broun. $6.
Modern Poster Annual. Vol. 5, 1928-1929. A. Broun. $6.
Posters and Publicity. Edited by F. A. Mercer and W. Gaunt. William Edwin Rudge. $4.50.

ANY one who has acted upon the saying, "I'd rather look at the ads than read the stories" would have a good time with the books listed above, for each of them is filled with reproductions of advertisements or with the advertisements themselves. And the samples assembled here from many countries give one in a few moments as much advertising entertainment as would otherwise require many years and miles.

"The Poster Stamp" is a collection of over two hundred posterettes and labels. I had no idea of the extent to which such advertising had been pushed. Unfortunately the collection seems to have been made solely with the idea of further popularizing the medium, and neither the arrangement nor the introduction gives any idea of the development of this technique. But the volume is at least an interesting study in national characteristics. The German, French, and British labels are much as one would expect, but the American differ from the usual diagnosis. Instead of being vigorous, decisive, and revolutionary, our manner in advertisements inclines to the dulcet in color, the graceful in line, and the refined, suggestive, or whimsical in phrasing. The second book suffers from the same faults as the first and despite being an "annual" has advertisements from several years back. But it too is fascinating to study. Especially attractive are three Italian posterettes for liqueurs and a sample by an American firm of a stationery box-top design.

The third book, "Posters and Publicity," is a far more careful piece of editing. The reproductions are classed as "press advertisements," "show cards," "booklets," and "packs," each class being discussed, thoughtfully if briefly in the introduction, and a comparison made of the work of the more important countries during the past year. In general the conclusions are confirmed by the reproductions. The editors feel, contrary to Mr. Broun, that German designing tends toward the pedantic, and one might add, the supermanic. They feel that the French favor too greatly *l'art pour l'art,* but, as one can see, France is a nation of exceptions in this as in other things. They think that English advertising art hits the best balance between design and copy, and that the English lead in newspaper publicity while in the "quality journals" American work excels. The introduction points out that so far photography has played a minor and not too happy role in advertising. What might be done is shown by an advertisement of gloves by Draeger Frères, and by a poster of the London Underground Railway.

WALTER GUTMAN

"Thrillingly lovely writing,"
says HERSCHEL BRICKEL of

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By ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON
Author of *Shadows Waiting*

"In this story of Lynneth, who was conceived in heedless ecstasy, a child of the very lightning and thunder, you will find a blend of such antagonistic qualities as suspense and contemplation, loveliness and rigid reasoning, charm of manner and unmitigated seriousness."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

JOHN MITCHELL, MINER
By ELSIE GLUCK

The biography of the labor leader whose rapid rise to power, whose dealings with Roosevelt, Hanna and Morgan, whose leadership in one of the most important strikes in the history of the country rank him among the great dynamic figures of America. Illus. $3.00

MR. GAY
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By JOHN VAN DRUTEN

G. B. Stern says: "Young Woodley continues to be, as he always was, perhaps the most exquisite study in existence, of a boy's awakening to love". Mr. Van Druten has given us in his novel a more vivid and complete presentation than in his famous play of the bewilderment and beauty of adolescence. $2.00

DIFFICULTIES IN CHILD DEVELOPMENT
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Books in Brief

ce-Bound. A Trader's Adventures in the Siberian Arctic. By James M. Ashton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

Mr. Ashton has recorded in this pleasant and interesting nd well-illustrated volume a voyage to the Siberian Arctic ndertaken by him on behalf of a trading company in 1922. His vessel was a cockle-shell of a trading schooner, only sixty-even feet long, whose voyage was entirely successful despite ll sorts of dangers from ice and storms. Without making any laims to being a literary or scientific production the narrative s readable and, at points, distinctly valuable. Thus, as a prac-icing lawyer of more than forty years' standing, who has de-oted much time to international law, Mr. Ashton gives his pinion that the much-disputed Wrangel Island belongs to the Russians despite the fact that Stefansson would award the sov-reignty to Great Britain, contrary to the American claims. Mr. Ashton feels that there is a very promising opportunity or mutual trade and commerce with the Siberians by way of he Siberian Arctic if it is properly undertaken.

The Desert Road to Turkestan. By Owen Lattimore. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

There is a No Man's Land in the heart of Asia, where men still live as they lived in Marco Polo's day. A few white travelers have crossed it here and there, but much of it is utterly unmapped—land feared even by the boldest caravan-drivers on the great trans-desert highways. Owen Lattimore, a twenty-six-year-old Chinese-speaking American, in 1926-1927 made the long camel journey from Kuei-hua in Northwest China to Ku Cheng-tze and Urumchi in Turkestan, following a road through the dunes and deserts revived in the last decade of civil war when the older and better marked routes became unsafe. He lived the ancient life of the caravans, and his book has their authentic flavor. It is far-away and exotic, yet curiously akin to something which our own West has lost only in the last half-century. And he tells his amazing story simply and without bravado, yet with intensity and power.

Mary, Queen of Scots. By Margarete Kurlbaum-Siebert. Translated by Mary Agnes Hamilton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

What tiresome things facts must be to the fictionizing biographers! Change a few names and omit a few dates in this book and, behold! one would have merely an historical novel in one's hands. It has such an abundance of go, dash, colorful incident, and so on, that it seems almost heartless to suggest that, since the book isn't quite fiction or biography, perhaps it really isn't quite anything. This possibly smacks too much of the "rules" of Samuel Johnson and his circle; but it may at least be suggested that this "biography" offers nothing new either in fact or—what is vastly more important—in method of presentation. It is merely a very readable piece of nervously energetic prose that happens—just happens—to be concerned with Mary, Queen of Scots.

New Yorkers: Stuyvesant to Roosevelt. By Albert Ulmann. Chaucer Head Bookshop. $4.

A sort of guidebook to the best-known personalities of New York, from its earliest settlement to the present time. Tom Paine, Alexander Hamilton, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Peter Cooper, and others are the subjects of trivial essays. The illustrations are fairly interesting.

Music at Midnight. By Muriel Draper. Harper and Brothers. $4.

The memoirs of a hostess whose Florentine and London homes were unfailingly hospitable to a succession of distin-

Biographied at Last!

JOHN JACOB ASTOR

The Fur King, Father of the Trust, Landlord of New York

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

Utterly unapologetic toward his protagonist, Mr. Howden Smith presents the founder of big business as he really was—both petty and great. "One reads this chronicle of facts in amazement," reports *Harry Hansen* in *The World.* "Mr. Howden Smith writes no family memoir. This is an uncompromising biography—a chapter in American history." *Sixteen illustrations.* $3.50

Ford Madox Ford's THE ENGLISH NOVEL

Happily unorthodox, scholarly, Ford sweeps up novelists and novel-writing into his masterful survey. $1.00

AN HOUR OF AMERICAN HISTORY

By SAMUEL E. MORISON, M. A., Ph. D.

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guished artists just previous to the war. Like all good recollections, these are charmingly trivial. Who can resist an authoress who writes thus (she is speaking of Gertrude Stein): "Certainly she tried to break up word habits that no longer convey any meaning, so long have they been used as symbols of things that do not exist, and so often have they been dipped in and out of the pools of imagined and actual experience that lie deep in the history of the race. I wish she would break up mine. Look at that sentence for instance. It does not mean a thing."

John Wilkes Booth. Fact and Fiction of Lincoln's Assassination. By Francis Wilson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

In this, his second work on the subject, a distinguished actor tells in undistinguished prose the full tale of Booth before and after he killed Lincoln. The strange story is given with many documents and much commentary; the documents are valuable.

Images in Jade. Translations from Classical and Modern Chinese Poetry. By Arthur Christy. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Christy's only contribution of value, in view of the work already done by Arthur Waley and others in the classical field, is his group of poems translated from modern Chinese magazines. Even then there is remarkably little that sounds new. Tradition is strong in Chinese poetry.

A Pamphlet Against Anthologies. By Laura Riding and Robert Graves. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Even if it were wrong in its main contention (that the great majority of poetry anthologies are detrimental to poetry in general and to the reputations of the poets in particular) this little volume would be a joy to read. Nothing could be more vigorous and welcome than the authors' scathing criticism of Palgrave and Quiller-Couch or the utterly annihilating reexamination of "perfect modern lyrics" such as Masefield's "Cargoes," Yeats's "Innisfree," and De la Mare's "Arabia." It should be apparent that these latter are all quite bad poems, but the fact has been obscured because they are so frequently and unthinkingly anthologized. It is practically impossible not to agree with the acid conclusions of Miss Riding and Mr. Graves. No book publisher could (or rather, should) read them without blushing.

Drama

Ironic Episode

"MAN'S ESTATE" by Beatrice Blackmar and Bruce Gould (Biltmore Theater) is the latest production of the Theater Guild. Though much honester and less pretentious than "Dynamo" and, in a sense, more important than "Caprice," it will not operate greatly toward raising the standard which the Guild appears to have set itself this season. It will be moderately enjoyed for its sincerity, its freedom from the hokum which might so easily have spoiled it (and which spoiled "Coquette" which had an analogous theme), and the admirable acting of Margalo Gillmore.

The theme is one which has been rendered so familiar to us by innumerable novels that it constitutes no small triumph for the authors to have elicited from the audience even the mild appreciation the play received. Again the poky Middlewestern town with its poky sex morals and poky materialism. Again the revolt of youth, this time in the person of young Jerry who wants to be an architect and build cathedrals on Fifth Avenue. Jerry (who is merely the rapidly disappearing shadow of Felix Fay) makes big talk about Freedom and Free Love and No Woman Will Stand in the Way of My Career But the inevitable happens: moonlight and the charms of his co-freelover plus that puzzling lack of foresightedness which appears to distinguish young American *amoureaux* on the stage combine to produce the consequences—and before he is aware of it Jerry has got himself married and is all ready to go into the hardware business on Main Street. This bald recital, as a matter of fact, hardly does justice to the rather neat complication of the plot which makes the irony stand out in much less simplified relief.

As is only natural, the authors have progressed mentally beyond the Anderson-Dell School. They do not see their young rebels as heroic standard-bearers carrying aloft the flag of liberty. Jerry and Sesaly are just two youngsters, two typical small-town youngsters passing through the inevitable period of revolt against that tyranny of the older generation which will be their own proudly borne hallmark in another twenty years.

A program note speaks of the theme of the play as "the revolt of youth against constrictive environment." This is but partially true; and it is misleading. Now that all the Middlewestern hullabaloo is over and rebellion is no longer fashionable, we are able to view both in a clearer light. What Felix Fay and Carol Kennicot and Jerry and Sesaly are revolting against is not really a "constrictive environment" but their own limitations. They have read just sufficient literature to envision for themselves a life of freedom; and they are simply lacking in the intelligence to construct that life. All their fretting and despair and emotional rant is simply a dull, unconscious rage at themselves for being stupid. They talk about sex freedom; but there is, of course, no such thing as sex freedom in the abstract. Sex freedom enjoyed at the wrong time turns out to be sex bondage, as the hero and heroine of "Man's Estate" discover to their great dismay. Had Jerry really been in earnest about his artistic ideals he would have taken his $750 scholarship, worked during the summer so as to make another $500, and gone with Sesaly to college to live and love under conditions which, if difficult, would not have been impossible.

But the necessary practical intelligence was lacking; and so Jerry and Sesaly blamed everything on society, Main Street, and other convenient abstractions.

It is this fundamental weakness in their characters that makes it a little difficult to take "Man's Estate" very seriously. The hero and heroine are so obviously Main Streeters enjoying that tiny fling which results from an inability to recognize one's limitations that their little tragedy is hardly moving. It is a briefly ironic episode which ten years ago America sighed heavily over but which today merely mildly amuses us. The Revolution is over: young America has either settled down or it goes its own gay way. In either case it has stopped discussing itself and its problems: this it leaves to the Sunday supplements and the playwrights.

The production is worth seeing for the sake of Margalo Gillmore, who does wonders with extremely trite lines; and for good bits by Dudley Digges, Elizabeth Patterson, and Earle Larimore. The acting, on the whole, is not up to the Guild standard; but this is partly ascribable to that conventional "homey" dialogue which is so painfully natural that it makes even the best actor appear artificial.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

[*Joseph Wood Krutch, who has been absent on vacation, will return this week and will resume his weekly drama articles in the next issue of* The Nation.]

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